

The cover features several decorative elements. At the top, a cluster of butterflies is depicted in flight. On the left side, there is a large, detailed illustration of a leafy plant, possibly a rose bush. Below this plant, an open book is shown, with the words "HOLY" and "BIBLE" visible on its pages. The entire design is set against a dark, textured background.

BIBLE
B's for
BEAUTIFUL
LIVING

BY ABBIE C. MORROW.

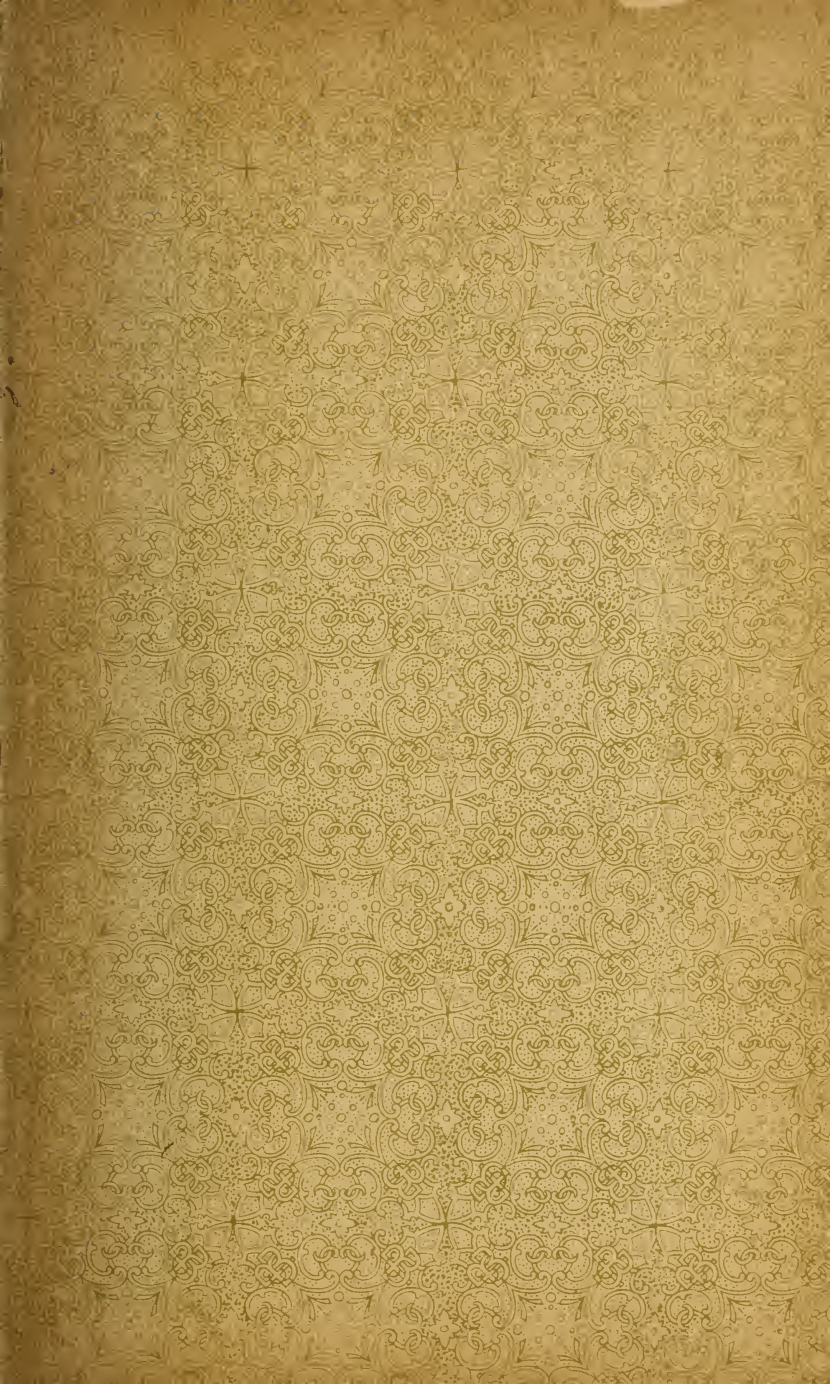
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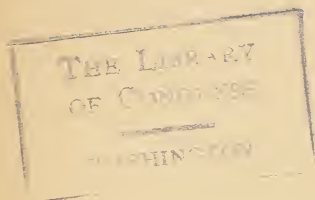
ABBIE C. MORROW.

A BOOK OF DAILY DEVOTION FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

If we would but cease our longing
Some great thing to do or say,
We could do more good by BEING good
Than in any other way.

CHICAGO, ILL.
T. B. ARNOLD, PUBLISHER.
1897.

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“ UNTO HIM
That loved us,
And washed us from our sins
In His own blood,
And hath made us kings and priests
Unto God;
To Him be glory and dominion
Forever and ever.”
Rev. 1: 5, 6.

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INTRODUCTION.

- “ Because I love you, children, I long that you shall be
Now, in life's morning, treading the narrow way with me.
I love you, little travelers, and pray that you may stand,
With the journey safely over, in the Father's sunny land.
- “ Because I love you, children, now in your childhood sweet,
I long to bring you closely unto the Savior's feet.
No joy is like the pleasure of always serving Him;
I long for you to have it ere years your life shall dim.
- “ Because I love you, children, I would that you should know
How dangerous is the pathway which the pilgrims tread
below;
But there is waiting ready the Guide of life and light,
And those who cling to Jesus will walk the way aright.
- “ Because I love you, children, I point you day by day
To the Lamb of God, who taketh the world's great sin
away;
And I ask the gentle Master to give to you the place
Among the willing learners to whom He shows His face.
- “ Because I love you, children, I cannot be content,
Unless I have you with me when this life of ours is spent.
Oh, seek the Savior early, and in His home above
We all shall dwell together, I and the ones I love.”

PREFACE.

THIS little book of "daily" devotion (Ac. 17: 11) is meant to be read "early" in the morning, in connection with your Bible. Pr. 8: 17.

Read the texts at the head of the Bible B for the day, and mark them in your Bible according to the directions. Jer. 15: 16.

Read the chapter, marking the other texts as you come to them, either with crayon or colored inks. 1 Ti. 4: 13, second clause.

Pray the prayer at the end of each Bible B. Lu. 18: 1.

Say to yourself, "I will be kind to-day," or, "I will be courteous to-day." Let the thought of the Bible B you read each morning be with you all the day, to help you.

If you cannot do all this early in the morning, learn one text, earnestly offer the prayer at the end, and then, later in the day, read the Bible B. One dear child speaking about "Bible Morning Glories," said: "I have to make them Evening Glories, for I do not have time in the morning."

The design on the cover was drawn by Mary A. Lathbury. The Bible is placed between the lilies, which stand for purity, and the palms, which stand for victory. The little bees remind us to follow their example and B doers, B diligent, B obedient and B content.

May He who gave the desire to write the book, bless every one, young and old, every time they read it, is the prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

First Bible B.

B Saved.

1. "Look unto me, and be ye saved." Isa. 45 : 22.

2. "God our Savior : Who will have all men to be saved."
1 Ti. 2 : 3, 4.

3. "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Ac. 4 : 12.

"Believe....and be saved." Lu. 8 : 12.

Mark with a red †

I. *We are saved "by grace."* Eph. 2 : 5, 8. Grace is the exercise of love, kindness, mercy or favor. God "sent His only-begotten Son....that the world through Him might BE SAVED." Jno. 3 : 16, 17. That was grace. Jesus "loved me and gave Himself for me." Ga. 2 : 20. That was grace. The angel said to Joseph, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall SAVE His people from their sins." Mat. 1 : 21.

Jesus came from heaven and took our place and suffered for our sins. That was grace. In a town in Scotland there is a school where the children are poor and do not know how to behave and give the kind but firm master a good deal of trouble. Half a dozen of the most noisy girls had tried his patience for a long time and one day he told the scholars that he could bear no longer with them and called the six up for punishment.

The teacher with his cane in his hand looked over the faces of the children and asked whether anyone would like to bear the punishment for the naughty girls, and they go free. For a few minutes no one spoke, and then a little lad was seen feeling his way slowly up the room. It was blind Jimmy, the orphan boy. "I'm willing," he said.

The master told him that he must be punished in place of the culprits; the blind boy said he knew that. When the cane came down on his shoulders, he never murmured.

When the master told the girls they were forgiven for Jimmy's sake, they rushed to the blind boy, thanking him. He only said, "I dinna mind the pain if it will only bring 'ee to Jesus."

Our loving Savior bore our punishment in our stead. "All we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Isa. 53 : 6. By His grace we are saved.

II. *Saved by the Word.* We are born again "by the word of God." 1 Pe. 1 : 23. On the day of Pentecost as many as "gladly received His word were baptized." Ac. 2 : 41. When we receive God's Word, we receive Jesus. One of His names is "The Word." Jno. 1 : 1, 13. A poor little child in Luther's time was taught that God was angry with her and she must inflict suffering upon herself to escape an awful doom that waited for her when she died. She was always

the picture of sorrow as, day by day, she inflicted some pain on herself to appease God.

One day she picked up a scrap of paper and read the words, "For God so loved the world, that He gave----" At the word "gave" the paper had been torn off. So she had only a fragment of the verse. She thought of those words, until her whole nature was changed. Her life became cheery and happy, and her face radiant with joy.

Her mother asked her one day why she was so changed. The little girl showed her the scrap of paper and said, "That has done it."

The mother read the words, and replied, "But it don't say what He gave."

The girl answered, "I don't know what He gave. If He so loved the world as to give anything, I won't be afraid of Him any more."

It was a bit of a verse from the Word of God that saved her. Did you know there are many boys and girls in heathen lands who have not even one verse from God's Word? Do you not want to put away some of your money every week to send the gospel to them?

III. *Saved by Faith.* Jesus said to a poor, sinful woman, "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace." Lu. 7:50. She believed Jesus' word and went home saved and happy.

One Sunday afternoon a mother had a little talk with her children about faith. Awhile after, as she was going past the room where her little

girl slept, she saw the child kneeling by her bed and heard her pray, "O, Lord Jesus Christ, I love You very much, but I *can't* understand about faith." When Katie came down stairs, her mother said to her, "Dear child, the others are in the garden, and we shall be quiet if you like to have a little more talk."

"Oh, thank you, mamma," Katie said, "that's just what I want; I do love a cosy time with you."

"Katie, dear, do you trust me?" asked her mother, as the child nestled in her arms.

"Oh, mother dear, of course I do! if you promise me anything I am quite sure you will give it me, because I am your own little girl, and you love me."

"That day when you broke the china plate, and were sorry, and came crying to ask me to forgive you, and I kissed you and told you it was an accident, did you say 'I don't think mamma has forgiven me: I don't feel as if she had: and I am so unhappy,' did you Katie?"

"No, mother, that I didn't! I knew you had forgiven me because you said so. I never doubted it for a minute! and that knowledge brought peace to my heart."

"Katie, that was faith." Katie did not answer for a moment: she was trying to take in the simple truth that faith in the Lord out of sight was the same as faith in the mother close beside her. "Is that all, mamma?" she asked, softly.

"Have I only to believe what God says, just as I believe you?"

"Yes, my child : faith is taking God at His word—trusting Him as you trust me. Jesus says, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not;' Mat. 19 : 14. He means what He says and really wants you to come. When He tells us in His Word, 'Their sins will I remember no more,' (Heb. 8 : 12,) will you have such a doubting little heart as to think He did not know how bad you were, and so the promise could not be for you? Katie, you would not treat me so : the Lord Jesus in His love comes to entreat you to believe what He says, and that is faith."

Katie whispered, "I do believe Jesus ; I do love Jesus; then I suppose that is faith." Her mother was so glad that her little girl believed Jesus and was saved.

To believe God loved me and Jesus died for me is to be saved. Paul said to the jailer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt BE SAVED." Ac. 16 : 31.

Edward Irving, on a visit to his brother, who was a minister, was asked by him to go and see a young man, a member of the church, who was dying with consumption. He was obliged to call about six in the morning, before he went on his journey.

When the two ministers entered the sick chamber, Irving went up to the bed-side, and looking in the face of the sufferer, said softly, but

earnestly, "George, God loves you ; be assured of this. God loves you."

After the man of God closed his hurried visit, the young man's sister coming in found her brother all smiles.

"What do you think?" cried the dying lad ; "Mr. Irving says God loves ME!" Faith in the love of God for him had made him so happy.

One day a man fell from a ship into the water. The Captain ordered the men to throw him a rope. They did so. The poor fellow saw the rope and caught hold of it with both hands, and the Captain pulled him on board. He was saved. One person relating the incident would say, "He was saved by the Captain ;" another might say, "He was saved by a rope," and still another "He was saved by his hands." And they would all tell the truth.

So we are saved by grace, which may stand for the Captain, for Jesus is "the Captain" of our salvation (He. 2 : 10), and we are saved by the Word of God, the promise of God, which may stand for the rope, and we are saved by faith, which stands for the man's hands taking hold of the rope. All were necessary—the Captain, the rope, the hands. So we are saved by the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, by the Word of God, and by our faith in God's Word.

OUR PRAYER: Blessed Lord, we thank Thee for Thy love; we praise Thee for Thy grace. We are sorry we have ever seemed against Thee.

We take Jesus Christ from this day to be our
Savior and Lord. We say now from full hearts—

“ Lord, I believe,
Lord, I believe :
Savior raise my faith in Thee
’Till it can move a mountain.
Lord, I believe,
Lord, I believe,
All my sins You bury in the Fountain.”

Second Bible B.

B Faithful.

Look up the following texts in the Bible and write the names of seven of the greatest men whom God said were "faithful," or "full of faith."

Gal. 3 : 9.....

Heb. 3 : 2, 5.....

1 S. 3 : 20 (Marg.).....

1 S. 22 : 14.....

Ac. 6 : 5.....

Ac. 11. 24.....

1 Co. 4 : 17.....

Underline their names in the Bible with blue.

I. *To be faithful is to be full of faith*, to believe God will keep His Word and give us all He promises. To believe He forgives all our sins when we ask Him. Faith is believing God just as you believe your father and mother.

A train was rushing along at great speed. The passengers were anxious, because it was in the time of war, and they were afraid that the enemy might tear up the tracks. One man in the car observed a bright little girl, who came towards him and said, "Good morning," in a clear, sweet voice. He asked her if she was not afraid to ride

on the cars. She said, "Sometimes, but I am not afraid this time." "Why are you not afraid this time? Everybody else seems to be afraid. Besides the train is running very rapidly." "Oh, there is no danger. Papa is running the engine." Her father was the engineer, and she had such faith in him, that she felt perfectly secure and happy. When we have God to guide us, we have nothing to fear. He is much better able to protect us than the engineer was to take care of his little daughter.

II. *To be faithful is to be trusted.*

Evangelist Chas. W. McCrossan says, "Years ago a dry goods merchant hired a boy whose duty it was to sweep and dust the store each morning. One evening the merchant scattered some loose papers under one of the counters. The next morning entering the store he said, 'Well, my lad, have you swept good and clean this morning?' The boy said, 'Yes sir.' 'Did you sweep under all the counters?' 'Yes sir.' The merchant then looked under the counter and picked up the pieces of paper he had scattered, 'Ah, my boy,' he said, 'you did *not* sweep under the counter. I cannot trust you.' Then he paid the boy and discharged him. The little fellow lost his place because he could not be trusted to speak the truth and do his work right. It is one thing for us to trust God and another for us to be so faithful that God can trust us.

A gentleman leaving his home for the day,

took out his purse to see if he had plenty of change. He went away, leaving a trusted dog behind. When he dined he took out his purse and found that he had lost a gold coin. On returning home in the evening, his servant told him that the dog was ill, as they could not induce him to eat anything. He went at once to look at his favorite, and as soon as he entered the room, the faithful creature ran to him, laid the missing coin at his feet, and then devoured the food with eagerness. The gentleman had dropped the coin in the morning ; the dog picked it up and kept it in his mouth, fearing even to eat, lest he lose his master's property before he should have a chance to give it to him. I think the master was more pleased that he had such a faithful dog than he was to have the gold coin back again.

III. *To be faithful is to keep that which thou hast promised.* Deu. 23 : 23.

During the time of great trouble in France in 1871 an order was issued in Paris that Communist insurgents who were taken with arms in their hands should be put to death.

One day a large party were being taken to the place of execution. Among them was a fifteen year old boy. On the way he left his companions and ran on and put himself in front of the Colonel who had charge of the company. Giving the military salute he said,—

“Mister, you're going to shoot me, I suppose?”

“Certainly, my lad,” said the colonel. “Tak-

en with arms in your hands, it's all up with you. That is the order."

"All right!" said the boy, "but see here; I live in M—— Street where my mother'll wait for me if I don't come home and she'll worry. I just want to go home and quiet her a bit, you know: and then, again, I've got my watch here; I'd like to give it to mother, so she'll have that, anyway. Come, Colonel, let me run home a little while. I give you my word I'll come back to be shot!"

The colonel was astonished at the boy's demand. It amused him.

"You give me your word eh, that you'll return to be executed?"

"My word of honor, mister!"

"Well, well," said the colonel, "this young scamp has wit as well as assurance. A rather young rebel to shoot, too! Well, his assurance has saved him. Go home, boy!"

The youth bowed and ran off. "The last we shall see of him," said the colonel.

Half an hour passed; the colonel had forgotten, in the press of his terrible business, all about the boy, whom he had regarded as being set free. But all at once the door opened and the boy Communist walked in.

"Here I am, mister!" he exclaimed. "I saw mother, told her, gave her the watch, and kissed her. Now I'm ready."

The boy had kept his word and had come back to be shot as he had promised. But the Colonel, who

had not really believed that he would return and who hated to put to death such a bright boy, caught him by the ears and pulled him playfully to the door and gave him a little kick and said, "Get out, you young brigand! Get back to your mother just as quick as you can!"

Don't you believe the mother was glad to see her boy and proud that he had been so faithful?

IV. *To be faithful is to be true at any cost.*

John Maynard was well known on Lake Erie as a God-fearing pilot. There came a day when he fulfilled to the letter the command, "Be thou faithful unto death." Re. 2 : 10. The ship was on fire. Some distance from shore and loaded with tar and rosin there was no hope of saving her. The men, women and children were all crowded to the verge of the forward part of the ship. The faithful pilot surrounded by fire and smoke, stayed at his post. The Captain called through his trumpet, "John Maynard," "Ay, ay, sir," said the brave man. "How does she head?" "Southeast by east, sir." "Head her southeast and run her to shore." As they came nearer and nearer, their one hope of safety was to reach the shore.

Again the captain called, "John Maynard!" The answer came feebly this time, "Ay, ay, sir," "Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?" "By God's help, I will." The strong man's left hand was disabled, his hair was burned from his scalp, his teeth were set with pain, but he stood firm as a rock. The ship reached the port. Every man,

woman and child was saved. John Maynard had been faithful unto death. In the day of Christ's appearing he shall receive a crown of life. But one may be faithful unto death without really suffering physical death. The fifteen year old Communist boy was. He who gives himself, drowns himself, in help and sympathy for others is really as faithful unto death as John Maynard.

V. *To be faithful is to do exactly as one is told.* A little boy five years old was playing with his toys in his father's study. Soon the servant came and told the father that a friend was waiting to see him in the parlor.

"Johnnie," said the father, "put your hand here, and keep it on this letter of mine, until I come back."

"Yes, father," cried the little fellow. But when half an hour had passed and his father did not come back, Johnnie grew tired. He had looked at every picture, and counted the spots on the carpet, with his little hand holding the open page. Another half-hour passed; but Johnnie held bravely on. Father had bidden him, and he would do what father wished; but oh, how tired he was, and how dark it was getting! Where was papa? Poor little Johnnie! Papa had started off with the man who had called upon him, forgetting all about his little boy. And do you know, Johnnie waited an hour and a half before his father came back, and he stood *all that time*, holding the letter, doing exactly as he was told. And when papa

came back and found what his little boy had done, he caught him in his arms, kissed him, loving and praising him for his faithfulness. And I expect his father thought, "If I have such a faithful little boy who will do always exactly what he is told I must be sure and be faithful to my heavenly Father." So Johnnie's long waiting was not in vain.

VI. *He that is faithful will be rewarded.* It was a hot day, and Carl, behind the counter of the country store, could not get a breath of air. He sat there waiting for customers and wishing he could live in the city and have a better salary and be able to give his mother a good home. Soon a stranger entered and asked for Mr. Emmons, Carl's employer. "He is not in but I expect him soon, will you wait?" The stranger nodded and Carl drew up a chair for him, handed him the newspaper and went back to the counter. Two boys came in. "Five peppermint sticks, Carl, and give us an extra one, as you seem to be running things." "But I'm not, when I am I'll treat." "Pshaw! the old man won't count them." "No, he can trust me." "That's the kind of a fellow," said one of the boys, "he does things on the square."

Soon one of Carl's friends came in. After a little he said, "Carl, don't you think this is a stupid place?" "I guess it is about as slow as they make them, Lou." The lad glanced over at the stranger. His eyes were closed and Lou thought

he was asleep, but he was not. He was listening to every word Lou said.

"Suppose somebody offered you a big place in the city with a good salary, would you take it?" "Indeed I would." "I heard Mr. Stubbs tell father he was going to offer you a place in his warehouse. He thought you were the fellow for the place." "He doesn't think so now. He offered it to me but I told him I could not work Sundays." "Hurrah for you," said his friend; "I told the fellows I didn't believe you'd do it." When Mr. Emmons returned he was pleased to see the stranger, and they had a private talk at the end of which Carl was introduced. The stranger took him by the hand. "My boy, you're just the kind of a lad I'm looking for. I have been finding you out this morning. I have a place for you in New York. Let us go and talk to your mother about it."

So Carl's honesty and faithfulness were rewarded as honesty and faithfulness always will be, either in this world or in the next.

OUR PRAYER:

"O Jesus, Savior, give me grace,
My little place to fill,
That I may ever walk with Thee,
And ever do Thy will;
And in each duty great or small
I may be faithful still."

Third Bible B.

B Cheerful.

1. "Be of good cheer," because you believe God. Ac. 27: 25.
2. "Be of good cheer," for Jesus is a Savior from sin. Mat. 9: 2.
3. "Be of good cheer." Jesus is a Savior from sickness. Mat. 9: 22.
4. "Be of good cheer," Jesus has overcome the world. Jn. 16: 33.
5. "Be of good cheer." There is no loss to the Christian. Ac. 27: 22.
6. "Be of good cheer." You can bear witness for Jesus. Ac. 23; 11.

Mark with gold or yellow []

I. *Be hopeful and happy.* Three tiny, ragged boys were playing in the sunshine. A fourth came up, his eyes glistening. "Oh, boys," he cried, "I've foun' a tin-cent piece." The others crowded around and discussed the treasure excitedly. Then they sat down on the curb-stone. "I foun' mos' a hull piece of a top yesterday," said one. "I foun' a big bone in our alley, an' orful big bone," said a second, "'n' I'm going to make a jumper out of it." The youngest child, the dirtiest, smallest, thinnest of them all, now chimed in, "Thith mornin' I foun' a peanut." A contented child will be happy.

II. *Look out for the bright things.* A lady and gentleman were walking in a lumber-yard situated by a dirty, smelling river. The lady said: "How good these pine boards smell!" "Pine boards!" exclaimed the gentleman, "just smell this foul river!" "Thank you," the lady replied; "I prefer to smell the pine boards."

III. *Speak brightly and pleasantly.* A lady went to inquire for the three-year-old baby of a friend, who was so ill she was afraid the little thing would not live. She called up the stairway, to the mother, in a sad tone, "How is the baby?" Before the mother could answer, down from the sick room came the baby's weak voice, "'Peak like you do when you laugh."

The baby did not like the mournful tone in which she was inquired after. Sick people like to have you speak brightly and pleasantly to them. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," Pr. 17: 22, to them.

A boy wheeling a heavy cart was almost stuck in the mud, when a man said as he gave a little push: "You manage that cart pretty well, my boy; that's a bad place to get through, but now we are out."

The man passed on, but the boy wheeled the cart easier, and his face wore a smile on account of the cheerful words.

A bright "good morning" is a bit of sunshine in a cloudy day, a bit of cheer for a troubled heart.

Always say "good morning" to papa and mamma and brother and sister, and grandpa and grandma and uncle and auntie, and nurse and cook, and to any friend in the home. It will rest the tired, cheer the sad, quiet the worried and make the day brighter for all in the home.

A lady stepped into the elevator of a tall building in a large city and said, "Good morning" to the colored lad in charge. He looked at her in a surprised way, and returned: "Good morning. Dat is de fust time anybody ever said it to me!"

IV. *Have a smile for the stranger.* A minister, on his way to church, saw a baby looking out of a window. Baby smiled and so did the minister. Next Lord's day, there was baby again, and the minister caught the smile and returned it. So on many times, and when the minister threw a kiss, baby threw a kiss back. At length the minister saw a boy and girl, the brother and sister of baby, dressed in their best, run down the steps and follow him to the church. They must have been pleased with the sermon, for the next Sunday they were in church again. Soon papa and mamma followed and seven in that family were won to Christ. When they came to join the church the minister said they were all saved by baby's smile.

V. *Live in the sunlight of the love of God.* Some time ago one friend wrote to another:

"While on my way home from church Sun-

day morning I was turning down the street when a pleasant voice said, 'Let's take the sunny side.' I left the shade and was soon walking in the bright warm sunshine. Some time has passed since the little event, yet the cheery words of my friend are still ringing in my ears. I seem to hear them now: 'Let's take the sunny side!'

"Too often in my life I have chosen the shady side, the gloomy side of things, when over yonder the sun was shining. God helping me I will hereafter avoid the damp and chill of the shady side, and walk where it is bright and warm."

A visitor went one day to see a poor young girl, kept at home by lameness. The room was on the north side of a bleak house, unpleasant without, and cheerless within. "You never have any sun," the visitor said, "not a ray comes in at these windows. What a misfortune! Sunshine is everything. I love the sun." "Oh," answered the invalid, smiling, "my sun pours in at every window, and even through the cracks." Her visitor looked surprised. "The Sun of Righteousness," she continued softly—"Jesus. He shines in here and makes everything bright to me." Her happy face confirmed her words. She spoke truly. She lived on the shady side of the street, but she lived in the sunlight of the love of God.

VI. *Encourage others.* Ro. 12 : 8, 1. c. A terrible fire was raging at midnight in a large city. All were thought to have been saved, when a piercing cry told that one soul was perishing. A

ladder was raised and fixed against the fiery, heated walls and a brave fireman hurried up its rounds to the rescue. Near the top, choked by the smoke, daunted by the hissing flames, afraid of what looked like certain death, he hesitated. The crowd watched him breathlessly. Would his courage fail, and he retreat and leave the soul unrescued? "Cheer him," called a voice from the crowd. And a mighty "hurrah" burst from the waiting multitude. The cheer inspired the brave fireman with new courage. He went on into the flames and smoke, and presently returned with the rescued one in his arms. There are times when a quick, glad shout of cheer to the timid, frightened one will send him on to victory.

OUR PRAYER—

"If any little word of mine
 May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
 May make a heart the lighter,—
God help me speak the little word,
 And take my bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale,
 To set the echoes ringing.

If any little love of mine
 May make a life the sweeter,
If any little care of mine
 May make a friend's the fleeter—
If any little lift of mine may ease
 The burden of another,
God give me love and care and strength
 To help my toiling brother."

Fourth Bible B.

B Strong.

Look up these texts in your Bible, and write here the names of six men to whom God said "Be strong."

Deu. 31: 7.....

1 K. 2: 2.....

2 Ch. 15: 7, 8.....

Da. 10: 19.....

Hag. 2: 4.....

2 Ti. 2: 1.....

Mark their names in the Bible with blue.

"Be strong to love, O heart!
Love knows not wrong;
Dids't thou love God in heaven,
Thou would'st be strong."

I *Be strong in the Lord.* Eph. 6: 10. Two young men, Ellis and Jones, joined a ship one day.

Ellis loved his Bible, while Jones made sport of religion. The first evening Ellis took out his Bible and began to read. Jones laughed at him, called him a milk-sop, and tried to snatch away his Bible. But Ellis hung on to the blessed book in spite of the jeers of the young sailor and his other wicked messmates.

One dark night there came a sudden gale, which carried away the ship's main-top-gallant-

yard. The spar hung by the rigging, and dashed about, threatening to carry away the top-mast itself. It was necessary to cut it away with a hatchet. It was a fearful task, almost certain death, to mount the rigging and try to cut away the spar. Who would do it? The captain called for a volunteer, and seeing Jones said :

"Come, my young man, there's work for you. I heard you boasting of your manhood the other day."

Ellis, the Bible reader, stepped forward and offered to go aloft.

"No," said the captain, "I made the offer to Jones."

But Jones shook his head, and said : "I dare not, sir. The man who attempts it is sure to lose his life."

"I will go," said Ellis, who had fastened a hatchet to his belt.

The next moment the brave fellow was lost in the darkness. For several minutes nothing could be seen of him from the deck; the men held their breath with anxiety for his safety. Presently something fell. Was it Ellis? No. It was the spar cleared of the tackling. The men shouted. A minute later and Ellis stood safely on the deck.

"Thank you, Ellis," said the captain, "you did nobly. No man will call you a milk-sop, or laugh at your Bible-reading after this."

Then after sending the watch aloft to shorten

sail, the captain turned to Ellis again and asked :

"How did you feel while you were aloft?"

"That I was in the hands of God, sir. I prayed for His protection, and I never felt my heart more light, or my courage more firm."

God makes the hearts of His children brave and strong when they pray and trust.

II. *Be strong by the Word.* 1 Jno. 2: 14; Deu. 11: 8. Mary Geraldine Guinness, in her childhood, was overheard talking, in four-year-old fashion, to a brother of little faith, though of years scarce more than her own. The little boy was questioning his younger sister's calmness in moments of fear and under perilous circumstances, such as railway traveling. "I know you'd cry if the train went under the ground," he said. But the answer came quick and full of child-like faith, "No I wouldn't either, for the Bible says, 'He that believeth shall not be afraid in dark tunnels.'" The child had hid the Word of God in her heart and if she could not quote it quite right it made her strong.

III. *Be strong for war.* 2 S. 10: 12. Marg. The enemies we fight are sin and Satan. Jennie was sent to the store for a spool of silk. Her mamma gave her ten cents saying, "It will be just ten cents, dear, so you won't have any change." She skipped gaily along and soon reached the store but the clerk handed her one cent back saying the spool was only nine cents. Oh, how ready Satan is to try to catch us! He

was right there whispering to Jennie: "You might just as well get a stick of candy, your mother thinks it is ten cents a spool, and she will never know." Jennie turned toward the candy store and got as far as the door when she said almost out loud, "*I won't do it,*" and ran quickly, as if to flee from the thought of wrong, home to her mamma. Oh! how light her heart felt as she could look in her mother's eye and say, "It is only nine cents, mamma, here is a penny change." "You may have it, dear, for a stick of candy," was her mother's reply. Oh, how glad she was that God had made her strong to fight the temptation to sin.

A little boy about four years old, much impressed by the story of "St. George and the Dragon," said to his father, "I want to be a saint and fight a dragon. I am sure I could kill one!" "So you shall, my boy." "But when can I be one?" "You can begin to-day," said his father. "But where is the dragon?" "I will tell you when he comes out."

So the boy went to play with his sister. During the day some presents came for the children. John's was a book, and his sister's a beautiful doll. John was too young to care for the book, but he loved dolls; and when he found that his sister had a nicer present than his own, he threw himself on the floor in a passion of tears. His father said quietly: "Now, John, the dragon is out." The child stopped crying, and looked quickly

around the room, and then up to his father's face, but said nothing. At bed-time when he bade his father "good-night," he whispered, "Papa, I'm very glad that sister has the doll. I did kill the dragon!"

IV. *Be strong for work.* Hag. 2:4; Zech. 8:9. Each one with their own heart right and full of zeal, with God on their side, can do something. A little girl who wanted to do all she could to make the world better, was once buying some candy, and standing next to her was a little boy eating something with great relish. Seeing the girl had a wintergreen stick he said: "Why don't you get this kind, it's tip-top, just taste?" She tasted and made a face at which the boy laughed. "It's liquor," she said excitedly, "you ought not to touch it." For she had been taught that liquor was deadly poison. A determined look came to the sweet little face and she said to the man in charge: "I will never buy anything more from you if you sell those; you are making drunkards." "Well, my child, we have ten times more trade in those than you bring us." Nellie went out, but she could not dismiss this dreadful thing from her mind. She thought out a plan, and wrote on a paper a protest against the sale of the brandy candies. She then carried the paper all through the different streets in the neighborhood, and to all the people who furnished trade to the candy store, and obtained nearly every name to her paper. The paper said plainly to this man that unless he

would give up selling brandy candies, the whole neighborhood would withdraw their trade, and that of their children. Nellie was nothing but a weak little girl, but when she presented this paper to the seller of liquor in the form of candy, he was obliged to empty out all of it, with a promise to sell no more. We can all be strong to do some good work if we remember that we have God and the right on our side.

V. *Be strong in faith.* Ro. 4: 20. A little boy of eight years begged a lady to allow him to clear away the snow from her walk. He had neither father nor mother, and was anxious to get any work he could do.

"Do you get much to do, my little boy?" said the lady.

"Sometimes I do," said the boy, "but often I get very little."

"And are you not afraid that you will not get enough to live on?"

The little fellow said with a puzzled look on his face: "Why, don't you think God will take care of a boy if he puts his faith in Him and does the best he can?"

VI. *Be strong in grace.* 2 Ti. 2: 1. No one can truly be strong who willingly allows one sin, however small.

John and Alex were putting up a swing in the barn. They had what looked like a stout rope, but Jonas came and said it would not do.

“There’s one weak place in it,” he said, “and it would not be safe to use it.”

“But that is such a small place, and the rest of it is so strong!” said Alex.

“Have you never heard, boys, that a rope or a chain is only as strong as its weakest place? It is only worth what it will stand, and it won’t stand more than that weak place will bear. Don’t you see how that one spot makes the whole of it weak?”

This is true in other things besides ropes and chains. The boy and girl who tell lies, or are dishonest, or unfaithful, are only as strong as the weak place in their lives, and if they do not strengthen that weak place by putting away the sin they will break some day and be ruined, and perhaps ruin some one else.

A little boy strolling through the fields with his sister, found a rabbit’s nest. The boy seized the little rabbits and began to torment them, mimicking their squeaks, and laughing at their struggles. His sister begged him to let them alone, and wept at his cruelty; but he flung them up into the air, and shouted as each fell dead on the stones.

Ten years afterward, that sister sat weeping by her brother’s side, He was in prison, sentenced to be hung for shooting a farmer, whilst hunting on forbidden ground; and they were waiting for the officers to take him away to execution.

“Sister,” said he, “do you remember the

nest of rabbits, ten years ago? how you begged and I ridiculed? If I had yielded to your tears then, you and I would not be weeping these bitter tears now."

OUR PRAYER—

"Strength for to-day, Father, strength for to-day,
Strength to be holy, to walk in Thy way ;
Strength for the keeping my robes undefiled,
Strength to be humble, as seemeth Thy child.

"Strength in temptation to turn from the snare,
Strength to be constant and earnest in prayer;
Patient in well doing, faithful in heart,
Never, O Lord, from Thy truth to depart.

"Strength for the crosses Thou giv'st me to bear,
Resting my heart on Thy Fatherly care,
Trusting, although I may not understand;
Knowing that Thou all my goings hast planned.

"Strength to shun evil, to cleave to the right,
Strength that my rushlight burn clearly and bright;
Strength that I bring no reproach on Thy name;
'Looking to Jesus,' Thy promise I claim.

"Still be Thou near me, whatever betide,
Let me not wander away from Thy side;
In life or in death be Thou with me alway,
Strength for to-day, Father, strength for to-day."

Fifth Bible B.

B Obedient.

"Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters."
Eph. 6: 5.

"Children, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right."
Eph. 6: 1.

"For to this end also did I write, that I might know the proof of you, whether ye be obedient in all things." 2 Cor. 2: 9.

"Turn to the Lord be obedient to His voice." Deu. 4: 30.

Mark a big B on the margin with blue.

"The first commandment with promise," was one for obedient children. Eph. 6:1, 2.

Three little missionaries were all ready to go on a picnic, when one of them was taken violently ill, having been poisoned. Mrs. Fuller and the children knelt to pray that she might be healed. The little one prayed, adding, "And dear Jesus, if you do not want me to go to the picnic it is all right." The Lord heard and healed the child, and they had their picnic, but the happiest of them all was the one who yielded her will and wanted Jesus to have His own way.

Jesus loves all with tender compassion, but He has a peculiar love for those who do the will of God. He says of such, "The same is my brother, and my sister, and my mother." Mk. 3: 35

God asks us to obey "for our good

always," Deu. 6: 24, because He loves us. One morning a little child, three years old, told by her father to shut the door, refused to obey for the first time. He repeated the command ; still she refused. He slapped her gently, but she would not move. Feeling now that she must be made to obey or she would grow up to be a wicked woman, he brought a tiny switch and punished her severely, but to no purpose. Her mother coaxed her and then whipped her, but could not move her. Then they decided that she must remain by the door until she closed it. She would do anything they said, but shut the door. At noon they told her to shut the door and go with them to dinner, but she would not. All the afternoon she did not yield. She would say she was hungry and sleepy and tired, but she would not shut the door. At last, at six o'clock, having stood eight hours, she decided to obey, and shut the door with a slam. Then with a happy face she ran to her father and said, "I did papa; I shut it just as hard as I could." Her will was completely broken and after that she was ever willing to obey and grew to be a good and useful woman.

A little boy, fitted out in his first pair of pants, was sent out to the factory to show them to his father. As the little fellow stood there the father's impulse was to go and take him in his arms, but he heard the voice of the Holy Spirit in his heart say, "Send that child back to his mother." Instantly and earnestly the father said to the child,

"Go right back to thy mother." The child quietly obeyed, and had hardly left the place where he was standing, when a large, heavy cask, overhead, fell directly on the spot where the little boy had stood. Had he stayed there it would have crushed the life out of him.

But he was safe, thanks to his prompt obedience to his father and thanks to the father's prompt obedience to the Lord's voice in his heart.

Our heavenly Father says to us all, "OBEY them that have the rule over you, and SUBMIT yourselves." He. 13; 17.

A Boston paper tells how a young girl was crossing the Public Garden one winter morning, on the main path over the bridge. A magnificent mastiff strode along beside her in the most companionable sort of way, looking up into her face as if to remark that it was a very fine morning or to ask if there was anything he could do for her.

The two crossed the bridge, and finally came to the Charles street gate. Here the young girl, not wishing to have the care of the dog in the busy streets, turned to him and said:—

"There, that is far enough now, Marco. You need not go with me any farther, but turn and go home."

She did not take her hands out of her muff to point the way, and she spoke as she would to a small brother, in a pleasant voice.

Marco looked at her with his large eyes, then

looked across the common, wagging his tail slowly, as though he were thinking how pleasant it would be to go the rest of the way. Finally, he turned back to her again, and with a movement of his head and eyes, asked as plainly as though the words had come from his mouth, "Please let me go a little farther, it is such a fine morning?"

"No, dear : I am going shopping, you know," answered the girl, as if Marco were human. "There'll be crowds of people, and I shall not know what to do with you. But go along now, there's a good fellow, and I'll be back soon."

Without another word, Marco turned and walked back across the gardens. He did not slink away, as some dogs do when sent back, but marched along with his head in the air.

He stopped a moment on the bridge to watch the children skating below, then trotted on toward home. If a dog can be so obedient surely a boy and girl ought to be submissive.

We submit to God and obey them that have the rule over us, when we do exactly what we are told.

A merchant was once asked for employment by a tramp. "Yes," said the merchant, "I will give you work. Do you see that pile of stones? Take them up on your shoulder one by one, and lay them down in the north-east corner of my yard." The man went to work without a word, and when his task was done, came to the mer

chant asking, "What next?" "Take the same stones, one by one, and put them in the south-east corner of the yard."

When this was done, he was told to take the same stones and put them in the north-west corner of the yard. That done he was told to put them in the south-west corner.

Night had now come and the laborer presented himself for his pay. A sum of money was given him, and without a word he was turning away when the merchant cried, "Hold! You are the man for me. You did just what you were told without offering suggestions or asking questions. Come to-morrow and I will employ you as my workman."

God is pleased when we do exactly as He bids us.

The Word of God is His voice to us.

A mother was reading to her three children. She came to a story of a naughty boy who had stolen apples from an orchard near his father's cottage. After reading part of the story, she paused to ask a few questions.

"William," she said, "why ought we not to do as this naughty boy did? Why ought we not to steal apples?"

"Oh!" replied William, "because they do not belong to us."

"What do you say, Robert?"

"Because if they caught us they would send us to prison."

"Now, Mary, it is your turn. Dear, why ought we not to steal?"

"Because," said little Mary, "God says we mustn't."

"Right, love," said her mother; "that is the best reason that can be given. What God commands we are bound to do, and what he forbids we are bound to leave undone. 'Thou shalt not steal' are His own words. If you are ever asked why you should not do what is wrong, let your answer be the same as the one you have given me — 'Because God says we mustn't.'"

Sometimes the Holy Spirit in our hearts whispers to us and tells us what is right.

A little girl was told by her mother to come straight home from school. She was sorely tempted by her playmates to go rowing for some water-lilies, but hurried from her companions to her home.

She ran in and kissed her mother and was so bright that her mother asked, "Darling, why are you so happy?" "Oh, mamma," the child said, "you know you told me to come straight home from school, and I did so want to go on the lake for lilies, but something in me kept saying, 'Don't go, don't go,' and I minded that voice, and now I feel so happy right where I heard the voice saying, 'Don't go.'"

Yes, to obey is to be happy and it is to be like Jesus.

We read that "He----learned obedience by

the things which He suffered." Heb. 5: 8. That day in the Temple when He wanted so much to be "about His Father's business," and His parents "understood not the saying which He spake unto them," He put away His own desire and "went down to Nazareth and was subject to them." Lu. 2: 49-51.

It was hard not to have His very own mother understand Him and He suffered, but He obeyed. I want to be like Him. Don't you?

OUR PRAYER—

Heavenly Father, Teach us Thy will.

Make us like Jesus.

Help us to obey like Him.

Help us to love like Him.

Help us to live like Him.

For Thy name's sake. Amen.

Sixth Bible B.

B Kind.

"Be ye kind one to another." Eph. 4: 32.

Mark with blue []

Kind comes from kin. So do kindness and kindred. Kin means a relative, one of the same family, one of the same kind or race. We are kind to our kindred. We should be just as kind to every stranger, every human being, who needs it, as we are to our own kin, our very own. This is what Jesus taught us by the story of the good Samaritan, Lu. 10: 30-37. It was a poor Jew who was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves, and they stripped him of his clothing and wounded him and went away and left him by the roadside half-dead. And two Jews, people of his own nation, came that way and would not help him but passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, a man of another race, whom the Jews despised, came where the wounded man was and had compassion on him, and went to him and bound up his wounds, and put him on his own horse and walked beside him, and took him to a hotel and cared for him all night, and when he went away he paid the hotel-keeper to take

care of him and promised to come back again some day. The Samaritan was as kind to the Jewish stranger as if he had been his own kin.

One of our daily papers told how surprised the newsboys and shiners around the Post Office were one day to see Limpy Tim come among them in a quiet way, and say : " Boys, I want to sell you my kit. Here's two brushes, a hull box of blacking, a good stout box, and the outfit goes for two shillin's." " Goin' away, Tim?" inquired one. " Not 'xactly, but I want a quarter the awfulest kind just now." " Goin' on a 'scursion?" asked another. " Not to-day, but I must have a quarter," he answered. One of the boys passed over the change and took the kit, and Tim walked straight to the counting room of a daily paper, and put his money down and said, " I guess I kin write it if you'll give me a pencil." With slow-moving fingers he wrote a death notice. It went into the paper almost as he wrote it. It read : " Died—Litul Ted—of scarlet fever—aiged three years. Funeral to-morrow ; gone up to heaven ; left won bruther."

" Was it your brother?" asked the cashier. Tim tried to brace up, but he couldn't. The big tears came, the chin quivered, and he pointed to the notice on the counter, and gasped : " I—had to sell my kit to do it, but he had his arms around my neck when he died."

He hurried home, but the news went to the crowd of boys, and they gathered in a group and

talked. Tim had not been home an hour before a boy left the kit he had sold on his door-step, and with it a bouquet of flowers, bought by pennies the crowd of big-hearted boys had given. They were as kind to Limpy Tim as if he had been their own brother.

There is a story of two little boys playing church. "Eddie," said Harry, "I'll be a minister and preach you a sermon."

"All right," said Eddie; "I'll be the people."

Harry began, "My text is a short and easy one—'*Be kind.*' There are some texts in the Bible on purpose for little children, and this is one of them. There are a great many heads to my sermon.

"*First*: Be kind to papa and don't make a noise when he has a headache.

"*Second*: Be kind to mamma, and don't make her tell you to do a thing more than once.

"*Third*: Be kind to baby."

"You have leaved out '*Be kind to Harry,*'" interrupted Eddie.

"Yes," said Harry, "but you will be kind to me if you are kind to all the others, because you will forget to be unkind. I was saying be kind to baby, and lend her your red soldier when she wants it.

"*Fourth*: Be kind to Jane, and don't kick and scream when she washes you."

Here Eddie looked a little ashamed and said, "But she pulled my hair with the comb."

"People mustn't talk in meeting," said Harry.

"*Fifth*: Be kind to kitty. Do what will make her purr, and not what will make her cry."

"O Harry!" cried Eddie, "don't preach any more, 'cause I will always be kind now."

I. *To be kind is to be helpful.* One Sunday morning a little boy was crossing Lafayette Square, the most beautiful park in Washington, the capital of our United States.

He wore the blue uniform of the District Messenger boys, and was lugging with both hands a basket of potted palms and roses.

He was a pathetic figure, and every one in the park was noticing him. He at last set the basket down and looked at it helplessly.

"Tired out, are you, my boy?" came a friendly voice from behind him. The messenger looked up at a distinguished-looking man, and said,

"Yes, sir."

"Have you far to go?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I am going your way; I can help you a bit," and the gentleman picked up the basket and carried it some distance, the little chap trudging along at his side. As they walked along, the boy told who he was and where he lived and asked the man who was kind to him where he lived.

"Just across the street from where I met you," was the answer as the gentleman slipped a coin in the boy's hand, "in that white house opposite Lafayette Park."

Yes, it was really a President of the United States, I wish I knew which, who so kindly carried the flower boy's basket.

II. *To be kind is to do good.* Ro. 12: 13; He. 13: 16; Tit. 3: 8. A few years ago, in one of our large cities, a ten-year-old boy pulling a heavy cart loaded with boards, became exhausted, and dropped down under a tree and fell asleep. His pale, pinched face told the passers-by how poor and desolate his home was. A queer old man, with a saw on his arm, stopped to rest for a moment under the same shade. He must have known what it was to be hungry, for he took a piece of bread and meat from his pocket—the lunch that he had meant to eat if he found work—and laid it beside the sleeping lad. There were those who saw him and their hearts were touched with sympathy. One man laid a half dollar beside the poor man's bread. A woman replaced the torn hat with a good one. A little girl brought a pair of shoes, and a boy a coat and vest. Passers-by halted, and whispered, and dropped dimes and quarters beside the first silver piece. The child woke suddenly with a start as if it were a crime to sleep. As he looked at the good things, and the people, and saw what it meant, he sat down and covered his face with his hands and sobbed aloud. In all his short life, no one had ever been so kind to him.

III. *To be kind is to be generous.* Deu. 15: 8. A lady who is homely and not at all rich, has

a habit of giving pennies and five-cent pieces to the poor children as she walks daily through one of the slum streets of the city.

One day she saw a little, ragged boy with his face pressed close to a pane of glass, gazing at the toys in the window. His hands were loosely clasped behind his back, with the palms turned upward. She noticed the little, earnest face, quietly dropped a few coppers into the little hands, and passed on.

The moment the boy felt their touch he turned and caught sight of the purse in the hand of the lady. Running after her, he looked up anxiously into her face, and said: "Oh, ma'am! did you know it was me?"

He thought she had mistaken him for some little friend.

"Yes," said the lady smiling, "I knew that it was you;" and the child bounded away with a face bright with joy. He thought she was a beautiful lady. How nice it would be if all the well-to-do children would follow the example of this lady and put away some of their pennies for the poor little ones.

IV. *To be kind is to be forgiving.* "Pansy" tells a lovely story about a great, splendid dog, whose name was Dee. The boys and girls in Mr. Graham's family loved him. He was always with them, and took care of the youngest more faithfully than the older sister did; for she sometimes "forgot" and ran away from

the little feet that were trying to follow her; but Dee never forgot.

One morning all the Graham children were cross; nothing went right: Harry got Arthur's shoes instead of his own, and pulled off one of the buttons, and Arthur said he did it on purpose, and he wished he would let him alone. And Harry said he didn't care; there was no sense in being so cross about such a little thing; and he shouldn't play with Arthur at all that day.

The trouble became so serious that the mother had to come and quiet the boys. After that they looked crossly at each other, and had a hard morning. Just before noon as Harry was tormenting Dee, he rolled over the old fellow and hurt him. Dee howled and ran to the other end of the hall. Then Mother Graham, who had been very patient, called Harry into the dining-room, and told him to sit on a chair the rest of the morning.

Arthur, who had followed his brother, was pleased at this and thought Harry got what he deserved. Dee followed, too.

What did he do but walk gravely across the room, passing Arthur who tried to coax him to play, and hold up his fore-paw to Harry to shake hands and be friends. This was too much for Harry; he burst out laughing, and it was impossible for mother and Arthur not to join.

"Good fellow!" said Mrs. Graham, "he wants to show you that he can forgive and forget."

"Arthur," said Harry, after he had shaken

hands with the dog, "I did not mean to pull off your shoe-buttons this morning; I honestly didn't know it was your shoe."

"I know it," said Arthur, "and I didn't mean to be so cross about it."

"Neither did I," declared Harry: "let's forgive and forget;" and Dee wagged his tail, and the boys shook hands and kissed their mother, and the trouble was over.

V. *To be kind is to do as you would be done by*, Mat. 5 : 44; 7 : 12; 1 Th. 5 : 15.

One cold morning a little old man stood on the corner of a street, selling newspapers. He was thinly clad, and his voice was hoarse from cold, and the passers-by could hardly hear him.

Some boys jeered and laughed at him, but one, better dressed than the rest, walked up to him and said, "I will shout for you."

Then the boy began to call out: "Times, Herald, Tribune, News," in a clear voice, which attracted so many customers that in a little while the old man sold his stock.

He offered to pay his youthful partner, but the boy would take nothing, and went off with a smiling face.

He had done what he would have liked any one to do for him if he had been old and poor and cold.

OUR PRAYER.—Blessed Lord, help us always to be kind and loving and forgiving to each other for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Seventh Bible B.

B Content.

"Be content with such things as ye have: for He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." He. 13:5.

"Having food and raiment let us be...content." 1 Ti. 6:8.

"I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content." Phil. 4:11.

Mark with yellow or gold.

To be content is to

I. *Be satisfied with what you have.* A blind fruit-vender who used to repine when sales were small, was converted in the mission of J. Alex. Dowie. Soon after, as he came home one evening, his wife asked, "What kind of a day have you had, John?" He only laughed and said, "The kind of a day our Father wanted me to have. The business is His now, and if He wants a poor day I've nothing to grumble about."

"I wish you a good day," a minister said to a peasant. "Thank you sir," said the poor man, "every day is a good day to me, for God sends it."

II. *Make the best of circumstances.* Two little street-beggars, one bitter cold night, crept under an old door. Instead of mourning over their misery, one said to the other, "Oh, Pete, what do you s'pose the folks do who hain't got any door?"

One cold March day a little Italian girl, shiv-

ering in her rags, stood selling apples at her little stand. A gentleman said, as he passed a cent to her for the apple he had bought, "How can you stand here this cold day?" "Ah, yes, it is cold, but think of by and by, when the sun comes out, and the flowers bloom," was the quick reply.

These little ones could not change the weather, so they made the best of it.

III. *Be happy with things or without things.* A little boy had broken his handsome arrow and came to mamma to have it mended. His lip quivered a little and tears came into his eyes, as he saw his broken toy. "I will try to fix it, darling," said his mamma, "but I am afraid I cannot do it." He watched her anxiously for a few minutes and then said cheerfully:

"Never mind, mamma; if you can't fix it, I will be *just as happy without it.*"

IV. *Be happy anywhere.* Soon after the *Ocean Monarch* was wrecked in the English Channel, another steamer was slowly sailing through the darkness. The Captain heard a sweet song coming over the water. They bore down toward the sound of the voice and found a woman on a plank of the wrecked vessel singing:

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly;
While the waters nearer roll,
While the tempest still is high."

Though she was wet and cold and hungry, her heart was happy, for she had learned to be con-

tent. She could not understand why God should let one of His children be wrecked, but she could trust and sing. God meant to use her little song to teach you and me not to find fault, but to sing when the troubles come. Anybody can sing when the sun shines; God wants His children to sing in the darkness.

Here is a beautiful parable on Contentment I picked up somewhere:

A tiny blue violet lay blossoming at the foot of a great oak tree. One day the oak said to the violet: "Are you not ashamed of yourself when you look up at me, you little thing down there, when you see how large I am and how small you are; when you see how small a space you fill, and how wide my branches are spread?"

"No," said the violet, "we are both where God has placed us; and God has given us both something. He has given to you strength, to me sweetness; and I offer Him back my fragrance, and I am thankful."

"Sweetness is all nonsense," said the oak; "a few days—a month at most—where and what will you be? You will die, and the place of your grave will not lift the ground higher by a blade of grass. I hope to stand some time—ages, perhaps—and then, when I am cut down, I shall be a ship to bear men over the sea, or a coffin to hold the dust of a prince. What is your lot to mine?"

"But," said the violet, "we are both what God made us, and where He placed us. I suppose I

shall die soon. I hope to die fragrantly, as I have lived. You must be cut down at last; it does not matter, that I see, a few days or a few ages, my littleness, or your largeness, it comes to the same thing at last. We are what God made us. We are where God placed us. God gave you strength; God gave me sweetness."

V. "*Content is a crown.*" *Good Cheer* tells a true story of a lady whose life was changed by the finding of a ring. Up to the time of finding it, she had been moody and unhappy. Filled with gloomy thoughts she wandered one afternoon to the garden. Stepping aside to uproot an ugly weed she threw it over the fence. As she did so she caught a glitter of gold. Climbing over the fence she found a heavy gold ring fastened to the roots, and inside the ring this device: "*Content is a crown.*"

The lady took the lesson to her heart and became one of the sweetest, sunniest women in the world. The house and garden were upon ground that had been a battle-field in the Revolution, and this ring had probably been upon the finger of some English officer slain upon the field. The hand that wore the ring had crumbled into dust, leaving it free for the roots to clasp, and bring its message where it was so needed.

A little German boy kept his sheep in a lovely valley, and used to sing until the hills echoed back his voice. One morning the king, out hunting, said to him: "Why are you so happy, dear little one?"

"Why shall I not be?" he answered; "our king is not happier than I."

"Indeed!" said the king; "tell me of your great possessions."

The lad answered: "The sun shines as brightly upon me as upon the king. The flowers on the mountains and the grass in the valley gladden my sight as well as his. I would not take a hundred thousand thalers for my hands. My eyes are of more value than all the precious stones in the world. I have food and clothing, too. Am I not as rich as the king?"

"You are right," said the king, with a laugh; "but your greatest treasure is a contented heart; keep it so, and you will always be happy."

The king's advice is a good word for us. Keep your heart contented and you will always be happy.

A bishop who was contented and cheerful through a long period of trial, and asked the secret of his contentment, said, "I will tell you. I make a right use of my eyes." "Please explain." "Most willingly," was the answer: "First I look up to Heaven and remember that my principal business is to get there. Then I look down upon the earth and think how small a space I shall occupy when I am dead and buried. Then I look around and see the many who are in all respects much worse off than I am. Then I learn where true happiness lies, where all our cares end, and how little reason I have to complain."

VI. *We may well be content for we always have Jesus.*

"I will never leave thee," is one of the promises that runs through all the Bible. It was given first in kindness to naughty Jacob just after he had gone away from home. Lying alone in the midnight darkness, with only the stars for comfort, and stones for his couch, he dreamed that he saw a ladder which reached to Heaven and angels going up and down on it. And the Lord stood above it and said: "I will not leave thee." Ge. 28: 15.

When Moses was about to go away and leave Israel, who had loved him so and looked up to him, God told him to say to them: "The Lord... will not fail thee nor forsake thee." Deu. 31:6.

And when Joshua shrank from taking Moses' place and going out to fight the Canaanites, God said: "As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee; I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee." Josh. 1:5.

And when Solomon had to build the beautiful temple and trembled at the great work which lay before him, His father David said to him, "Fear not nor be dismayed: for the Lord God, even my God, will be with thee; He will not fail thee, nor forsake thee." 1 Ch. 28: 20.

So lest we should worry, like Jacob, when we do wrong; or grieve, like Israel, when our friends are taken from us; or fear, like Joshua, when we have to fight sin; or tremble, like Solomon, when the work seems too great for us, God told Paul to

write to us: "Be content with such things as ye have: for He hath said: I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." He. 13: 5. For when we worry or grieve, or fear, or tremble, it shows that we are not content.

OUR PRAYER: Blessed Lord, help us to be satisfied with what You give us, to be happy with things or happy without things, and contented anywhere. Help us to remember that You have said: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Eighth Bible B.

B A Light

"Be a light," Ac. 13 : 47.

"Shine as lights," Phil. 2 : 15.

"Walk as children of light," Eph. 5 : 8.

Mark with a yellow pencil or gold ink.

Look at Jno. 5 : 35 and find the name of one whom Jesus said was a burning and shining light, and write it neatly in ink just here.....

As the light in the material world comes from the sun, so the light of the spiritual world is all from Jesus. He is "the Light of the world," Jno. 9 : 5, and the light we have is just a reflection of his. Jno. 8 : 12.

A little girl read slowly in her Bible: "Ye are the light of the world," Mat. 5, 14. She looked up at her mother and said: "I don't know what that means, mamma." Mamma smiled and asked: "Was Tommy Brown at school yesterday?"

"Yes, mamma, and he gave me a big red apple. I like him a great deal better than I used to. He isn't cross any more, and he doesn't get angry and fight the boys either."

"Does he trouble you little girls any more?"

"Oh, mother! not a bit. He told us he was sorry, and wasn't going to do so any more."

"What has changed him so, Ruthie?"

"Why mamma, you know he has become a Christian. He joined the church last Sunday."

"What was your verse, Ruthie?" The little girl read again: "Ye are the light of the world."

"Who was talking, Ruth?"

"Jesus."

"Who does he say is the light of the world?"

Ruth studied the chapter. "'Ye.' It says 'ye.'"

"Read the first two verses, dear."

"O, it was His disciples! It says so."

"Yes, He told the disciples *they* were the light of the world. What is light for?"

"To—to— why, to make things clear, to show things."

"And what should Christ's disciples show?"

"Show that they love him," said Ruth softly.

"Yes; and that loving Christ makes them kinder and better too."

"Yes," said Ruth. "It is so with Tommy. Everybody knows he is a better boy, and everybody says it is because he has become a Christian. I think he is a little light."

Little Ruth was right. A good life is a clear, steady, bright beautiful light, throwing its beams out over this world of sin.

Just as "the life" of Jesus "was the light of men," Jno. 1: 4, so the life of a dear child who follows Him is a light to show others the right way. There is a sweet story of a little kitchen-

girl, named Georgia Willis. She was rubbing a rusty knife one day, singing:

"In this world is darkness;
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine."

Mary, the cook, said: "What do you rub at them knives for ever for?"

"Because they are in my corner," Georgie said brightly. "'You in your small corner,' you know, 'and I in mine.' I'll do the best I can, that's all I can do."

"I wouldn't waste my strength," said Mary. "No one will notice."

"Jesus will," said Georgia, and then she sang again.

"You in your small corner,
And I in mine."

"This steak is my corner, I suppose," said Mary to herself. "If that child must do what she can, I s'pose I must. If He knows about knives it's likely He does about steak," and she broiled it beautifully.

"Mary, the steak was nicely done to-day," Miss Emma said.

"That's all along of Georgia," said Mary, pleased, and then she told about the knives.

Miss Emma was ironing ruffles; she was tired and warm. "Helen will not care whether they are fluted nicely or not," she said; "I'll hurry them over;" but after she heard about the knives

she did her best. "How beautifully my dress is done," Helen said; and Emma laughingly answered, "That is owing to Georgia;" and then she told about the knives.

"No," said Helen to her friend, who urged, "I really cannot go to the concert this evening. I am going to prayer-meeting; my corner is there."

"Your corner! What do you mean?" Then Helen told about the knives.

"Well," the friend said. "If you will not go with me perhaps I will with you," and they went to the prayer-meeting.

"You helped us ever so much with the singing this evening," their pastor said to them as they were going home. "I was afraid you wouldn't be there."

"It was owing to our Georgia," said Helen; "she seemed to think she must do what she could, if it were only knives." Then she told him the story.

"I believe I will go in here again," said the minister, stopping before a poor little house. "I said yesterday there was no use but I must do what I can." In the house a sick man was lying; again and again the minister had called, and he wouldn't listen to him; but to-night he said, "I have come to tell you a little story." Then he told him about Georgia Willis, about her knives, and her little corner, and her "doing what she could, out of love for the Savior," and the sick man wiped the tears from his eyes and said, "I'll

find my corner too; I'll try to shine for Him." The sick man was Georgia's father. Jesus looking down at her that day said: "She hath done what she could," and He gave the blessing.

"I believe I won't go to walk," said Helen, hesitating. "I'll finish that dress of mother's; I suppose I can if I think so."

"Why, child, are you here sewing?" her mother said; "I thought you had gone to walk!"

"No, mother, this dress seemed to be in my corner, so I thought I would finish it."

"In your corner?" her mother repeated in surprise, and then Helen told about the knives, The door-bell rang, and the mother went thoughtfully to receive her pastor. "I suppose I could give more," she said to herself as she slowly took out the ten dollars that she had laid aside for missions. "If that poor child in the kitchen is trying to do what she can, I wonder if I am? I'll make it twenty-five."

And Georgia's guardian angel said to another angel, "Georgia Willis gave twenty-five dollars to our dear people in India to-day."

"Twenty-five dollars!" said the other angel. "Why I thought she was poor!"

"Oh, well, she thinks she is, but her Father in Heaven isn't, you know. She did what she could, and He did the rest,"

But Georgia never knew what a bright messenger she had been, and the next morning she brightened her knives and sang cheerily:

"Jesus bids us shine
Then 'or all around.
Many kinds of darkness
In this world abound:
Sin and want and sorrow;
So we must shine,
You, in your small corner,
And I in mine."

The Bible is said to be a "lamp" to our feet and a "light" to our path, Ps. 119: 105, because it reveals to us the right way in which to walk.

A little Christian girl used sometimes to go to sea with her father, who was captain of a ship. One day she sat on a coil of rope watching Jim clean the signal lamps.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I am trimming the signal lamps, Miss," said the old man.

"What are they for?" asked Mary.

"To keep other ships from running into us, Miss; if we do not hang out our lights we might be wrecked."

Mary watched him for some time; then ran away and seemed to forget all about the signal lights; but she did not. The next day as she was watching the old man the wind carried away one of his cloths and he began to swear. Mary slipped from her place and ran into the cabin; but she soon came back and put a folded paper into his hand.

Jim opened it, and there, printed in large letters—for Mary was too young to write—were these words: "Thou shalt not take the name of

the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." Ex. 20: 7. The old man asked: "What is this, Miss Mary?"

"It is a signal light please. I saw that a bad ship was running against you because you did not have your signal lights out, so I thought you had forgotten," said Mary.

Jim bowed his head and wept like a child. At last he said: "You were right, missy, I had forgotten it. My mother taught me that commandment when I was no bigger than you; and for the future I will hang out my signal-lights."

Old Jim has a large Bible, which Mary gave him, and on the cover he has painted, "Signal-lights for souls bound for heaven."

Another word of Jesus to His disciples was, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven," Mat. 5: 16.

The place to shine is in the dark. "The light shineth in darkness," Jno. 1: 5. As little Georgia Willis sang:

"In the world is darkness,
So we must shine."

"Grandma," said a little boy, "what have you been doing here at the window all day?" "All I could," said grandma cheerily. "I have read a little and prayed a good deal, and looked at the people. There's one little girl that I watch for. She has sunny hair; her eyes have the same sunny

look in them. I wonder what makes her look so bright. Ah! here she comes now." "That girl with the brown apron on?" he cried. "Why that's Susie Moore, and she has a dreadful hard time, grandma." "Has she?" said grandma. "O little boy, wouldn't you like to know where she gets all that brightness from then?" "I'll ask her," said Arthur promptly; and he raised the window and called, "Susie, O Susie, come here a minute; grandma wants to see you!" The brown eyes opened wide in surprise, but the little maid came in. "Grandma wants to know, Susie Moore," said the boy, "what makes you look so bright all the time." "Why I have to," said Susie; "you see papa's been sick a long while, and mamma is tired with nursing, and baby's cross with her teeth, and if I don't be bright, who would be?" "Yes, yes, I see," said grandma, putting her arm around this little streak of sunshine. "That's God's reason for things; they are because somebody needs them. Shine on, little sun; there could not be a better reason for shining than because it is dark at home."

We begin to shine here and we shall shine forever in Heaven. A carriage-maker called his hands one Christmas eve and had a full settlement. He called back a boy and said, "Jerry, here is twenty dollars." "Why, boss, you paid me once." "I paid you for working, but this twenty dollar gold piece is for the smiles over your face all the year. Whatever I bid you do you always went about the task with a smile."

We cannot all have beautiful features, but we can all have smiling faces, and God pays us double even for shining. He makes us happy here and promises that we shall shine as the sun and the stars forever in His kingdom, Mat. 13: 43; Da. 12:3.

OUR PRAYER—

“Just to shine for Jesus
Every day.
Just to sing His praises
On my way;
Just to shine for Jesus
Everywhere.
This, O blessed Savior,
Is my prayer.”

Ninth Bible B.

B Affectionate.

**"Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love."
Ro. 12: 10.**

Draw a blue line under the texts.

I. "*Love one another.*" Jno. 15: 17. Not only love your dear friends, your kindred, but love the poor and the stranger. One cold morning a number of girls and boys gathered around the stove in a school-room. They talked and laughed, paying little heed to a new scholar who stood apart from the rest. The little girl had never been to school before and was shy and homesick. She wished she could fly home to mother and have a good cry. Just then the outer door flew open, and a bright-eyed girl rushed in. After saying "good-morning" to everybody, her eyes fell upon the new scholar.

"Good-morning," she sweetly said. The little girl brightening said "Good-morning." "Cold isn't it?" the newcomer went on holding her red hands over the stove. Then she took from her pocket a fine red apple, split it in two and with a smile, passed half to the new scholar. "Do you like apples?" she said. "Very much." "My name is Libby," said the owner of the bright eyes;

"what is yours?" "Hetty," replied the other little girl. "Do you want to sit with me?" said Libby. Hetty would like that and the two girls went to find Libby's seat, where they chatted happily till the bell rang. "Where is Hetty Rowe?" asked the teacher. Then she spied her seated next to the merry-faced Libby. The kind teacher smiled, saying: "I see you are in good hands," and Hetty kept the seat. Libby used to say it was her gift of half an apple that made Hetty her dear friend, but it was something beside the apple that comforted Hetty on that cold morning. Can you guess what it was?

A tiny boy fell down stairs one day and injured his face so severely that for a long time he could not speak. When he did open his lips, it was in no complaint of pain. Looking up at his mother, he whispered, trying to smile: "I'm pretty glad 'twasn't my little sister!" Love rather suffers than see others suffer.

II. *Comfort one another.* 1 Th. 4: 18. A father was in a flood of tears. All was darkness and despair. His little four-year-old girl, climbing into his lap and putting her arms around his neck, asked: "Papa, what makes you cry so?" He replied: "Because it is so dark my child." Clinging close to him she said: "Isn't it light up where God is?" Her childish words lifted him out of his despair and showed him how to trust in Jesus and he was comforted.

III. *Consider one another.* He. 10: 24. A

father, talking to his careless daughter, said: "I want to speak to you of your mother. It maybe that you noticed a careworn look on her face. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast. When your mother comes and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face.

"Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. Through years of childish sunshine and shadow she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with the rough old world." I do not know whether this daughter heeded her father's words or not, but I hope the daughter who is reading this will heed them.

IV. *Serve one another.* Ga. 5:13; He. 6:10; 1 Th. 1:3. Jennie's mamma gave her five cents to buy some buns for her lunch. Jennie was hungry and oh! how glad she felt to see the baker put the five hot buns into the bag and to think they were all hers; how good they would taste! As she came out of the shop she saw gazing into the window a little ragged girl, with a shawl over her head. How hungry she looked! "I think *she is hungrier* than I am," Jennie said, and she opened her bag and gave the hungrier girl three of her buns. Have you ever been hun-

gry for love, for sympathy, for help, as well as for food? Perhaps you have, just a little, but there are those who are so much hungrier, who every day need your help, whom you can serve by giving bread and love and sympathy.

We show our love by our labor. There is a sweet story of the little grandson of Charles X. of France, when he was only six years old. Like many other robust children, he disliked lessons and particularly writing. His copy-books were blotted and scrawled to his father's great displeasure and the despair of his tutor. But the child was merry, asked pardon in engaging tones, made good resolutions, and the writing-master could not long be grave.

One morning the child's playfulness failed to rouse his tutor from a settled sorrow; there were even tears in the old man's eyes. After lessons the boy learned from a servant that his tutor had a large sum of money to pay because his bad son had gotten into debt and he saw no way of getting the money.

When the royal family were at breakfast, the little duke said, "Grandfather, if I write well for a whole week, will you give me something?" "Yes." "Will you give me fifty louis?" "That is a great deal of money," said the king. "What will you do with it?" "That is my secret," said the child; Charles X. smiled and promised.

The next morning the boy sat with his copy-book at a window overlooking the Tuileries. The

birds sang, the tame pigeons came and perched on the window-sill, merry children played under the trees, but for once he neither heard nor saw any of them, and wrote a whole copy without mistake or blot. The tutor was astonished, and his amazement increased when his pupil's careful industry continued a week. No sooner was the last page finished than he took his copy-book to his grandfather, and in a few minutes returned, carrying in both hands the bag containing the fifty louis. His bright face was suffused with blushes as he gave it into the tutor's hands, saying,

"Here is my wages. Please accept them. I only worked that I might give them to you."

OUR PRAYER: Heavenly Father, we ask Thee to help us remember how Thou dost love us and to help us love one another, so that we shall comfort and consider one another and serve one another, all for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Tenth Bible B,

B Sober.

"Let us watch and be sober." 1 Th. 5 : 6.

"Let us, who are of the day, be sober." 1 Th. 5 : 8.

Mark with blue ()

In these days we somehow always think of being sober in connection with Temperance. And our Bible in many places warns against intemperance. Solomon says, "Look not thou upon the wine." Pr. 23:31.

A gentleman took his family out riding, and, as the day was warm, they were thirsty. They came near a hotel where whiskey was sold, and the father proposed to them to stop and get a drink of water. His little boy, not quite four years old, quickly exclaimed:

"No, sir, we can't go in there; don't you know we belong to the temperance school?"

This little fellow was of the same opinion as a minister who said to his Sunday-school children, "Keep on the *right* side of the liquor shop and that is the *outside*."

An old gentleman told a friend one day, "I pass a splendid liquor saloon every morning, and always see a pleasant-faced young man at the door, who calls to me with a friendly word. But

I never answer—I only walk by the faster. If I spoke he would speak again, and then I should have to stop, and turn towards the door and look in. And I don't consider it safe to *look* into a liquor store."

If you would obey the command, "Look not upon the wine," do not waste one glance upon it. Do not put yourself in the way of temptation. Turn from it as positively as the little girl out driving with Miss Willard, who said, "Wicked old saloon, I'll try and not even look at the barrels."

To be sober is to

I. *Live comfortably.* Pr. 23:21. One evening in England a poor little child lifted her pale, pinched face sorrowfully to her mother and said, "Mamma, I'm so hungry." The mother knew by her own gnawing hunger how the little one was suffering, for she herself had not tasted food for forty-eight hours. She rose, went to the wooden cupboard and took a cold potato from the shelf, and put it into Mamie's hand. "That is every morsel there is in the house, child; take it, and run over to the tavern, and see if you cannot get your father to come home. He will come for you, sometimes, you know."

Mamie hurried away, for she had often been to the old-fashioned English country tavern and seen the landlord's wife frying the eggs and bacon, in the spider, over the fire, in the wide fireplace, and she thought how she would dip her potato

into the fat after the woman had taken out the bacon.

As she went in, she caught sight of her father in a drunken slumber, and her earnest appeal that he should come home only half roused him from his stupor. So the little one waited for the meal to be served, and then went slyly to the spider, and dipped her potato in the hot gravy.

"Get out!" the proprietor's wife said, pushing the child rudely aside. "Go and dip your tater in in yer own gravy."

The father roused then. "What's all this?" he said. He had been a gentleman. Little seven-year-old Mamie could remember when they lived in a home where there were brussels carpets and lace curtains. But the drink had brought them down to the one room which had neither carpet nor curtains.

"What's all this?" he repeated angrily, as he saw his little one's lips quiver.

"I told the youngster to go home and dip her tater in her own gravy."

The drunkard straightened himself. A look came into his eyes that they had never worn since the day, three years before, when house and furniture had been sold to pay the rumseller.

"Come, Mamie," he said, catching the tiny young thing in his arms, "we will dip our taters in our own gravy."

He was almost sober now. Going out he met a comrade face to face, who said: "Hi, John!

ye're jist the one I'm a-wantin' to see. Here's the dollar I got from ye the day I was dead broke."

"Thank you kindly, Pat," he said, as he would have said it years before, had he met his companion in a drawing-room. "We'll surprise the mother," he added, gleefully, to the child.

The mother—poor woman!—was kneeling by her bedside, with the tears raining down her face. It was the first time she had prayed since long ago, when she had lisped her baby-prayer beside her mother's knee. But she wailed out, "O God! give my husband back to me, and I will serve you forever!" While she knelt the door opened, and Mamie flew to her arms.

"O mamma! here's papa, and we've got bread, butter, bacon and potatoes, and he's never going to drink any more."

And the husband knelt beside her and whispered, "It's true, Mary; so help me God!" The help was given; friends gathered about him, business prospered, and one day he led his wife and daughter back to their old home. As Mamie went gaily skipping from room to room, her father said: "My little daughter is happy?" And the girl looked slyly up into her sober father's face and said: "Yes, papa, I dip my taters in my own gravy now."

II. *Help others to reform.* Pr. 23:20; Eph. 5:18, R. V. In one of Miss Willard's meetings the pledge book was passed, and a little boy, who

had listened attentively to all she said, took it in his chubby hands and printed his name and passed it to his grandmother. "Here, grandma, write your name right here under little Fred's; you can't go back on your grandboy." "I never thought I should give up wine and sign a pledge," she said afterwards with tears in her eyes, "but there sat the dear boy holding up the pencil and book and I couldn't go back on my grandboy."

III. *Sign the pledge.* Jer. 35:6. Charles would not sign the pledge. He was drawn into temptation. The love for liquor overcame him and he went away from home and friends and indulged the appetite. Seeing the evil of this, he tried to break away from the habit, but in vain. One day, after controlling the appetite for some weeks, he sat at a hotel-table with a comrade and a young lady for whom he had great respect. The waiter said to his companion: "Will you have plum-pudding with wine-sauce?" "Yes," was the answer. Charles thought: "I too will take pudding with wine-sauce." But the young lady beside him said: "Pudding *without* wine-sauce, please," and before he knew it he had followed her example. Afterward he said to her: "You don't know what it meant to me to hear you say to-day at the dinner table, 'Pudding without wine-sauce,'" And then he told her how when he was supposed to be from home on business he was hiding from his friends, an inebriate. Miss Willard being at the hotel the young lady called her, and the three

knelt and prayed God to help Charles overcome the terrible habit, and persuaded him to sign the pledge.

IV. *Keep the pledge.* Daniel would not defile himself with wine, Da. 1:8, 12. *Our Young Folks* tells the following story: "Hallo! who are you?" asked one of Tom Mather's reapers of a seven-year-old boy. "I am papa's temperance pledge." "Is it you who keep us from having a drink of whiskey?" said a reaper. "Yes," laughed little Dick, "and I'll show you where papa signed me." The boy pulled down his collar and showed a white scar on his shoulder. "Yes, boys," said Tom, "the little fellow is my pledge, and I signed him. When I bought this farm I didn't know the taste of whiskey, but everybody took it in harvest times and when work was pressing, I fell into the same habit. One noon, summer before last, I was hungry; the dinner-horn had not sounded, and I picked up my jug and took a long pull. The whiskey flew to my head as never before. I cut the grain every way. The ground seemed to rise and fall before me. Well, my little chap had taken his puppy and wandered off where I was working. It was hot. He was only five. He lay in the tall grain, asleep, with the puppy cuddled close to him. Well, the dizzier I got the more reckless I became, and suddenly slashed out with that sharp steel and—boys! The poor puppy never yelped, his throat was cut; and my boy! A great gash on his white flesh, right up to his ten-

der throat, but escaping it, for the puppy nestled there. I don't know about the rest of the day, until I heard the boy would not die. Then I just held him up to God in my arms, and said: 'Here, Lord, is my temperance pledge! I'll never touch one drop of liquor while I live, and this boy never shall either, if prayers and example and teaching can prevent it.' And so, boys, I can't treat you, for I have signed my name in blood." No one ever asked him to take a drink after that.

Here is a pledge in rhyme, which a father wrote for his little boy to sign, and I wish every boy who reads this would sign his name to it and keep it:

TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Phil. 4:13.

Three things there are I'll never do :
I'll never drink, nor smoke, nor chew ;
I ne'er shall form an appetite
For whiskey, beer, cigar or pipe.
No alcohol or nicotine
Around my person shall be seen.

And three things more I will beware :
I'll never lie, nor steal, nor swear,
I'll speak the truth to every one ;
What is not mine I'll let alone ;
My lips I pledge shall ever be
From naughty oaths and bywords free.
From these six things I will forbear :
I'll never drink,
Nor smoke,

Nor chew,
Nor lie,
Nor steal,
Nor swear.

Name :

OUR PRAYER: Heavenly Father, we have promised Thee never to drink, nor smoke, nor chew, nor lie, nor steal, nor swear. Help us to keep our pledge, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Eleventh Bible B.

B Witnesses.

"But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Spirit is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto Me." Ac. 1: 8.

"This song may be a witness." Deu. 31: 19.

"This stone shall be a witness." Josh. 24: 27.

"Be a true and faithful witness." Jer. 42: 5.

Mark with a red B and draw a red line under witness.

A witness is one who tells what he knows. A Christian witness is one who loves Jesus and tells what He has done for him.

Peter and the disciples were witnesses when they told how they had known Jesus, and He had suffered and died for them. Ac. 2: 32; 3: 15; 10: 39.

Saul was a witness when he told how he was converted. Ac. 26: 16.

We are witnesses when we tell anything Jesus has done for us.

A missionary—I would tell you her name if I knew it—wrote the following story about a little Indian girl named Wi-yu (pronounced We-yu.)

Wi-yu's father and mother were heathen. She never heard a word about Jesus Christ till she came to the asylum. One day the child walked up to me and said: "I want to give myself away with you." I was much surprised, but looked into the little girl's black eyes, and said: "Why does

Wi-yu wish to give herself to me?" "Because," she said, simply, "I love you." After this they all called Wi-yu my little girl.

One day while Wi-yu sat by me learning how to sew neatly, I asked her if she loved Jesus. "No," she said, "I do not, but I want to. I want to be a Christian, but I'm too little."

But Jesus says, "Suffer the *little* children to come unto Me." Mat. 19: 14.

"I do not know how to go to Him: I don't know what to do," she said.

"Wi-yu," said I, "you must give yourself away to Him."

She looked at me in surprise.

"How can I do that?" she exclaimed.

"How did you give yourself to me?"

"I came to you and asked you to take me because I loved you."

"Why do you love me, dear?" She hesitated a moment; then said:

"I think it must be because you love me."

"Yes, Wi-yu, that is just the reason. Now Jesus has been loving you all this time, while you have not been caring the least for Him."

She stopped sewing, and sat still awhile, thinking.

At last she said: "Would Jesus be willing for me to give myself away to Him just as I did to you?"

"Certainly, my dear child; that is exactly what He wants you to do. He wants all of you,

too. He wants your little feet to run for Him, your lips to speak for Him, and He wants your heart changed that you may love Him."

After some more quiet thinking, Wi-yu knelt by my side and said, "My Jesus, I give myself to you. I give my hands, my feet, my tongue, and my heart, I give you all of myself. Please take me, dear Jesus, and give me a new heart."

She arose and said, "Do you think He heard me?"

"I'm sure of it," said I; "and you will find His promise in your Testament." Together we found these precious words: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." Jno. 6: 37.

Believing that Jesus meant just what He said, and having the Spirit's witness within, she from that moment knew that she was His own dear saved child.

A few days after I said to her, "Wi-yu, after you had given yourself to me, did you try any harder to please me?"

"Oh, yes!" said she, with a bright face. "I tried to please you in everything, even in the little things."

"Are you willing to do anything to please Jesus?"

"I think I am."

"Will you tell the other girls that you are trying to live a Christian life?"

She hung her head. "I am ashamed to tell them," she said.

"Were you ashamed to tell them that you had given yourself to me?"

"Oh, no, indeed!"

"And yet, my Wi-yu, you are ashamed of Jesus, your most precious Friend, who loves you so much and saves you from your sins. Oh, Wi-yu! Wi-yu! Let us ask Him now to forgive you and help you to please Him, even in this."

We knelt and Wi-yu said, with a voice choking with sobs:

"My own dear Jesus, please forgive me for being ashamed and afraid, and help me to tell them all that I have given myself away to you." When we arose she said:

"I can tell them now; I will tell everybody."

On her way to find her schoolmates, she met a minister who was visiting the Indians, and of whom she had been afraid, because he was a stranger; but she looked up to him and said: "I have given myself to Jesus."

He was much surprised and touched, as he thought of his daughter at home who knew so much more about Jesus than this Indian girl, and did not love Him. He put his arm about the little, timid Wi-yu, and said some kind and helpful things to her. After this she found it easier to tell them all; and even gained courage to write to her stern heathen father, though she was quite sure that he would be angry with her. Here is a copy of the letter:

"MY DEAR FATHER: I have given myself away

to Jesus, and I am not ashamed nor afraid to tell it."

Her father was alone when this message reached him, and nobody knows what he thought. But the next Sunday he walked several miles to the mission church and heard the missionary preach about the same Jesus to whom his little daughter had given herself. After that he kept coming until he became a Christian.

Every child who loves Jesus ought to be one of God's witnesses.

A little boy, who had never heard of Jesus, lay in a hospital, suffering much pain. His leg had been crushed, and the doctors said it must be cut off in the morning. He was so lonely and sick that he cried as though his little heart would break.

In the next cot was a little girl. She heard his crying, and said, softly, "Is your pain very bad?"

"Oh, yes," sobbed Harry, "and the doctor is going to cut my leg right off tomorrow."

"Why don't you ask Jesus to take away the pain?"

"Who is Jesus?" Harry turned his head now; was there anybody to take away his pain?

"Why, don't you know Jesus," said the sweet little voice, "who left heaven and came down here just for us, and lived just for us, and died on the dreadful cross just for us, and who takes away all our pains, and sins, and loves us, and loves us,

and LOVES US? Now He is gone to heaven to make a beautiful mansion to live in."

It almost took the little boy's breath away ; it was like a fairy tale ; would it be true? Turning to the little girl, with a deep longing look in his big brown eyes, he said, "Do you suppose He has any room for me ; would He let me come to Him before the doctors cut off my leg?"

The little witness for Jesus was sure He would. And when the doctors came with their knives to amputate Harry's leg the little boy had gone to Jesus.

What a sweet little witness this sick child was to the poor little boy, and how glad he was to find Jesus.

A New Zealand girl brought to England to be educated, became a Christian. When about to return, her playmates said: "Why do you go back to New Zealand? You are accustomed to England now. You love its shady lanes and clover-fields. It suits your health. Besides, you may be shipwrecked on the ocean. You may be killed and eaten by your own people. Everybody will have forgotten you."

"What!" she said, "do you think I could keep the good news to myself? Do you think I could be content with having got pardon, and peace, and eternal life for myself, and not go and tell my dear father and mother how they can get it too? I would go if I had to swim there. Do

not try to hinder me, for I must go and tell my people the good news."

Do you not think this girl was a "faithful witness?" Re. 1:5.

My dear friend, E. Payson Hammond, the children's evangelist, tells a story about a boy only nine years of age, who, rather than deny Christ, suffered the death of a brave young martyr. It was at Antioch, where the disciples were first called Christians, that a deacon from the church of Cæsarea was suffering dreadful tortures, to force him to deny the Lord who had bought him with His own precious blood.

This martyr said: "I believe there is but one God and one Mediator between God and man." His body was almost torn in pieces.

At last he said: "Call a little child, who has truly been converted, and let him decide whether it would be better to serve one God, the Maker of heaven and earth, and one Savior, who died on the cross for us, or to worship the gods whom the Romans serve."

Just then a Christian Roman mother, who had come to look on the dreadful sufferings of the martyr, drew near with her little boy, nine years of age. The question was asked the child, and he quickly replied: "God is one, and Jesus Christ is one with the Father."

The cruel men were filled with rage: "Oh, base and wicked Christian mother," one said, "thou hast taught this child to answer thus!" Then,

turning to the boy, said: "Tell me, child, who taught you thus to speak? How did you learn this faith?"

The boy looked lovingly into his mother's face. "My mother taught me that Jesus loved little children, and died on the cross, and so I learned to love Him for His love to me."

"Ah," said the cruel judge, "we will see what the love of Christ can do for you;" and at a sign the officers, who stood ready with their rods, after the fashion of the Romans, instantly seized the boy, and laid their heavy blows on his back.

"Now we will see," cried the judge, "what the love of Christ can do for him."

As the blood was streaming from the tender flesh of the dear boy, his mother replied: "The love of Jesus enables him to endure what his Master endured for him, and for us all."

Again they smote the child, not only to torture him but his mother also; and the cruel judge asked again, "What can the love of Christ do for him now?"

Many eyes were filled with tears as that Roman mother answered: "It teaches him to forgive his persecutors."

When he was told that if he would deny Christ, they would cease to lay upon him the cruel blows that were fast driving the life from his body, he answered: "There is no God but one, and Jesus Christ is the Redeemer of the world.

He loves me and I love Him, and I am going to live with Him forever."

And, like the martyr Stephen, he fell asleep in Jesus. His sufferings were all over, and when Jesus comes, the faithful little witness who died rather than deny his Lord will receive a crown of life and reign with Him forever. Re. 2: 10.

OUR PRAYER: Blessed Lord, we love Thee, too. We want to witness for Thee. We want to be faithful and true, and never deny Thee even though we should die for Thee.

Twelfth Bible B.

B Joyful.

1. "Be joyful." Eccls. 7: 14.
 2. "Let the saints be joyful." Ps. 149: 5.
 3. "Let them also that love Thy name be joyful in Thee."
Ps. 5: 11.
 4. "Be joyful in the Lord." Ps. 35: 9.
- Mark with a gold B.

Everybody wants to be with those who are joyful. It will help us to be joyful to remember that Jesus loves us and has saved us and will never let anything come to us which is not for our good. This is what it means to "rejoice in the Lord." Ph. 4: 4.

A friend said to a little girl, "Tell me what it is that makes you so happy? You say you are quite happy, and have been so since last night."

"Yes I am quite happy," she replied, with much feeling.

"But do you think you can tell me what it is that gave you such new joy?"

After a moment's pause the child said, "I see the love of Jesus to me a sinner."

"Bless the Lord, that is something to see; may you never lose sight of it! But in what way,

my dear child, do you see His love to yourself now?"

"I now see that He died for me on the cross and put all my sins away there!"

"Tell me, how do you feel towards Christ, after believing all this?" Her reply was natural and beautiful; she said:

"I feel it is easy now to give my heart to Him, and I have done it."

A poor, sick, lame boy sat by the window of a cottage, reading his Bible. Suddenly he looked up and exclaimed: "Oh, mother! I am so happy!"

The mother's eyes filled with tears. Her little boy had so few things to make him happy. She asked, "My boy, what is it that makes you so happy?"

The child lifted his pale face and answered, "Oh, mother, dear, it is because God is so good and I do so love Him."

"What put this into your mind just now?" she asked.

"Why, I have been reading in the Bible about His goodness in many things, and above all His greatest goodness in sending Jesus to die."

When we think about the love of Jesus, we are glad in the Lord, whether we have anything else to be glad in or not.

We should be joyful in our work. "The joy of the Lord" is our strength for work. Neh. 8: 10, l.c.

A little boy ran in from play and said to his mother, "I want to do something for Jesus. Can't you think of anything?"

"It will please Him to have you good and kind."

"I know it mamma, but I want to do something."

Then his eyes lighting on the empty chip-basket, he asked, "Would it please Jesus if I should get you a basket of chips?"

"Yes, if you get it on purpose to please Him."

He took the basket, and returned after a little with it full. Ordinarily he could not have lifted it, for he was only six years old, but his joy was his strength.

"There," he said gleefully, as he put the basket in the chimney. "Aren't they nice? I did not *scrabble* them up; I picked them one by one. I did not want to get any but nice ones for Jesus."

We should be *joyful . . . in tribulation*. Those were, to whom Paul wrote, when they took joyfully the spoiling of their goods. He 10: 34.

Paul and Silas were when they could sing in a prison. Ac. 16:25.

Gertrude L. Vanderbilt says:

While the negroes in the South were still in slavery, I was traveling in Florida. On one occasion, walking at sunset to the dock at which the steamboats from the north stopped, I met a middle-aged man leaning on one of the posts singing softly to himself,

“ Swing low, sweet chariot.”

He took off his hat with the salutation; “ Good evenin’ missus; we’s had a nice day.” Then we began to talk somewhat in this way:

“ Yes’m ebery day might be de Lord’s day, sure ’nuff. Eber sence I jine de church I’ been happy all day long! I b’long ter Col. Smith, and I does my werry best.”

“ You’re a slave, then?”

“ In cose I is!”

“ You work hard?”

“ In cose I does! But, den, I’d work hard ef I wasn’t a slave. Now de Curnel, he suppos me an’ my fambly!”

So, so! I thought, “ Here is really a negro who prefers slavery to freedom.” But I was mistaken. He was so accustomed to look on the bright side of everything, and so determined to “ rejoice in the Lord,” that even in his tribulation as a slave he always looked on the blessings he enjoyed, and never grumbled over the hardships he had to endure. We talked about God’s mercies and blessings, and from that poor slave I learned a lesson in praising the Lord, which was to me a new song.

If we will be joyful, it will help others into joy. One cold night in winter, a lad was making his way through the snow that whirled furiously about. The boy looked cold and desolate enough, and many a pitying glance the passers-by cast

on him. He passed a church, from which he heard the sound of joyful singing.

He stopped and listened; then, entering the porch, he heard the words they sang—"I do believe, I will believe, that Jesus died for me."

Just at that moment he noticed a man standing in the door-way, and he asked, "Please, sir, is this heaven?"

The door-keeper looked down at the little shivering form, and said: "No, my boy, it is a company of people gathered to praise the Lord, and you may go inside if you wish," and he opened the door of the church and the boy crept quietly into the nearest seat. At the close of the service some one spoke to him and told him of the Savior, of whom he had never heard before. He went home very happy, repeating the words all the way, "I do believe, I will believe."

As he entered his home he was greeted with a severe rebuke from his father, and the only reply he gave was; "I do believe, I will believe." And his mother, when she went into his room that night, heard him murmur in his sleep, "I do believe, I will believe." That boy grew up to be a great power for good in his home. The joyful song had saved him.

A lad was converted at a camp-meeting, and on his way home thought that his mother would disown him, his father never speak to him and his brothers and sisters despise him. Kneel-

ing, just before he reached home, God's comfort came to him.

He did not say anything, but the new-found joy shone in his eyes and in his whistle.

One evening, ten days afterward, he said to his brother: "Tom, I was converted last week at the camp-meeting." With the tears running down his cheeks, the brother replied: "Henry, we've all been watching you. Mother says you look and talk like an angel. Father says you are the most agreeable one now about the place. Do you reckon God will do for me what He has for you?"

"Why, yes; there's a camp-meeting begins near here to-morrow. I'll go there with you;" and the result of that boy's joy was the conversion of all the family. If we are joyous, others will want to be joyful too, for joy is catching.

It is not having many things, or beautiful things, that makes us joyful, but being content with such things as we have. I cut the following out of a paper long ago:

"A boy about nine years old had everything that could make a boy happy—a lovely home, and a papa and mamma who did everything in the world to make him happy. He had a printing-press, a velocipede, a bicycle, sled, skates, books—everything; yet he was the most unhappy child I ever saw.

"One winter morning the streets were covered with snow. All the boys were out with their

sleds, shouting and laughing and having the best kind of sport. This boy went about the house frowning, growling, and whining. What about, do you think? He was dissatisfied because his sled was not longer, and refused to go out.

“‘I won’t go with such a mean sled,’ he said.

“That afternoon I was walking not far from this boy’s house when I heard shouts of laughter from some children, who were out of sight around the corner. When I saw them I stood still. There were four children without overshoes, or overcoats, or mittens. They had an old broom for a sled. The youngest child was sitting on the broom, and two older boys were pulling him along by the handle. The fourth child, a girl, was running along, holding the little one on the broom. Their eyes were shining, cheeks just like roses, and they were as happy as if they had the most beautiful of sleds,”

Not many things, but much contentment, makes us joyful.

OUR PRAYER—

“Help me to be good
And do what is right;
Always be joyful,
And happy and bright.”

Thirteenth Bible B.

“B Watchful.” Re. 3: 2.

Draw a blue line under the word watch.

I. *Watch against sin.* As the engineer looks out upon the railroad track; as the sentinel watches in the army; as the sailor watches on the sea; as the night watchman watches for thieves—so the Christian should watch for the approach of his enemies, sin and Satan.

An engineer says: “I was running along one night in Ohio. It was a blowy, rainy night; and in times like that a man is doubly watchful. For hours I never took my eyes from the wet, glistening rails, except when we stopped at stations.

“All at once I saw in front of me—how far ahead I couldn’t tell—a glimmer of light. It was just a spark. I barely saw it before it disappeared. Was it a lightning-bug? I hadn’t seen any that night. What was it? That I couldn’t answer. But I stopped the train.

“A farmer walking along the track had discovered a bridge so badly washed out by the freshet that to run upon it with a train meant a wreck. He tried to start a fire with paper and his clothing, but couldn’t. He had one match left.

He kept that until I got close to him; his plan being to strike the match, hold it in his hat and wave it across the track, as he had seen the brakeman do, hoping I would see the blaze before it went out. He no sooner struck the match than out went the blaze. It was a mere flash; but I saw it, and the farmer had saved the train."

II. *Watch and pray.* Watch ye, and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. Mk. 14: 38; 1 Pe. 4: 7.

"I often recall," says an old sailor, "my first night at sea. A storm had come up, and we were in danger of drifting.

"I was on the anchor-watch, and it was my duty to give warning in case the ship should drag her anchor. It was a long night to me. I was very anxious whether I should know it if the ship really did drift.

"I found that going forward and placing my hand on the chain, I could tell by feeling of it whether the anchor was drifting or not; and how often that night I went forward and placed my hand on that chain! And often since then I have wondered whether I am drifting away from God, and then I go away and pray.

"Sometimes during that long stormy night I would be startled by a rumbling sound, and I would put my hand on the chain and find it was not the anchor dragging, but only the chain grating against the rocks on the bottom. The anchor was still firm. Sometimes now, in temptation and trial I become afraid, and then, praying, I find

that away down in my heart I do love God, and my hope is in His salvation."

Watching shows us the need of praying, and prayer helps us to be faithful in watching.

Once, when the Ohio river was frozen over, the son of a fisherman living on a "cabin-boat" at Henderson, Ky., was sent across the river to buy some milk. On his way back, he slipped and fell; the pail fell from his hand, spilling the milk on the ice.

George had sought the Lord and been saved a few days before. For fear his temper would give way when he should reach home and be scolded, he knelt on the ice and prayed until he felt that he had the victory. Turning around to get his pail and go on home he saw that the milk had frozen solid; so he picked it up, put it in his pail, and went on his way rejoicing.

III. "*Watch to see what he will say,*" Hab. 2: 1. The Bible tells us what he says. And if we watch to see what Jesus says in the Book and commit it to memory, it will help us in the hard places.

There is a story of a good boy whom some bad boys determined they would make drunk. One of them met the lad on the street and said:

"Johnny, come into the saloon, and have a mint julep." Johnny said: "Oh, no, I can't go in there." "Well, why?" "Well, my Book says, 'Look thou not upon the wine when it is red,' Pr. 23: 31, much less drink it."

The bad boy said: "Come in and take one drink."

He replied: "I cannot. My book says: 'At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.'" Pr. 23: 32.

"Yes, I know, but come in and take one drink."

"No," he said; "my Bible says, 'When sinners entice thee, consent thou not.'" Pr. 1: 10.

The bad boy left and went to his companions and they said: "Did you see him?" "Yes." "Did you get him to drink?" "No, I could not get him into the saloon." "Why?"

"Because he was as chuck-full of the Bible as he could be, and I could not do anything with him."

IV. *Watch the way.* Nah. 2: 1.

Jesus is "The Way." Jn. 14: 6. We are to watch His life and follow it. He left us an example. He wants us to be like Him.

I once read of a little girl, named Edith, who saw her mother tucking an apron for grandma on the sewing-machine, and wished so to help her that she said:

"Oh! mamma! I can do that, I know I can! Please let me help make grandma's apron; it's such easy work."

Edith's mamma knew it would not be easy for her little girl, for there was the wheel that must be kept turning, and the work to guide just right, so the stitches would come in straight, even rows

across the muslin; but Edith begged so earnestly that her mother gave her the seat before the machine and told her just how to guide her work.

"Don't watch your stitches, little girl, don't trust your eyes in trying to get the width of the tucks alike," Edith's mamma said, "but keep your eye on this little cross on the brass slide. That is my gauge. If you watch that, keeping the edge you are stitching close to the little cross, you will make even rows in your work."

But Edith thought her way better than mamma's. She did not watch the little mark, but watched the needle as it went flying across the breadth of white muslin. Edith thought her stitches would make a line as straight as her mamma's work, but when the tuck was stitched, she found she had sewed a wobbling, crooked line.

"Why, Edie!" mamma said; "grandma shall never wear such a crooked row of stitches as this in her apron. You must pick out every thread. Did you keep your work close to the little mark that I showed you?"

Edith confessed that she had not once looked at the cross, but had kept her eyes sharp on her work and the needle.

"Oh, child! no wonder that you stitched a crooked line with no better guide to follow than your untrained eye and hand!" her mamma answered. "If, instead of watching your stitches, you had watched your guide, you would have sewed

straight lines, and your work would not have to be raveled."

Jesus is our Guide. If we will watch Him, our work will please Him.

V. *Watch with Jesus.* To the three disciples who were in the garden, and who fell asleep, Jesus said: "Could ye not *watch* with Me one hour?" Mat. 26: 40. We watch with Him when we watch with those who are sick or suffering; for He said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me." Mat. 25: 40.

One hot August day, two half-starved horses, drawing an emigrant wagon, with a drunken driver and a sick woman and four children, passed a rude cabin on a Kansas prairie.

"Any water?" the driver said to a sweet young girl who stood in the doorway.

Their bucket of water was the last they could draw from their well, but Rachel carried it to the wagon, and the thirsty creatures soon emptied it.

"Remember," said the sick woman in the wagon, "'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these....ye have done it unto Me.'"

Years passed. Rachel grew to be a woman. She had secured a well-known speaker to lecture in her town.

"I love Kansas," said the speaker, "for on its plains as a little boy I took my first temperance pledge. Then he told of the sweet girl who gave the horses water, and how his father threw away the whiskey bottle and he promised to be a sol-

dier in the cold-water-army. Rachel bowed her head to hide the tears and heard the still small voice say: "Ye have done it unto Me."

VI. *Watch for Jesus.* When Jesus went away up into heaven, his disciples stood gazing into the sky after the cloud had received Him from their view.

Then two men—were they Moses and Elijah, I wonder—came and told them that some day Jesus would come back again just as He went away, Ac. 1: 10, 11. So the Bible tells us to "look for Him," He. 9: 28, and "love His appearing" 2 Ti. 4: 8; for He will surely come again some day.

A beautiful marble statue in Chicago represents a woman whose eyes are blind, with her hand to her ear, standing by the sea in the attitude of listening. It tells the story of a lovely girl whose father opposed her marriage to the young man she loved because he was poor.

So, one day he left her, with love and pledges, to wait and watch for him, and he went away across the ocean to earn a fortune, and then come and claim her for his bride. Every night she used to go down to the sea and watch for some sign of the coming ship that was to bring him back.

One night her father forbade her ever to do so again, commanded her to forget and renounce him, and in his rage struck her on the face, blinding her for life. But when her sight was gone,

she used to go down to the sea and listen for the first sound of an approaching ship, or the footstep or voice of her lover. So should the beloved of the Lord watch for His appearing.

“O joy, O delight, should we go without dying,
No sickness, no sadness, no dread, and no crying;
Caught up thro’ the clouds with our Lord into glory,
When Jesus receives His own.”

OUR PRAYER: Blessed Lord, teach us how to be watchful, how to watch against temptation, how to watch and pray, how to watch to see what You will say; watch the way, watch every day; watch with Jesus and watch for Jesus.

Fourteenth Bible B.

B Courteous.

"Be courteous." 1 Pe. 3: 8.

"He hath....made me a polished shaft." Isa. 49: 2.

Mark with a blue B.

To be courteous is to be affable and polite.

One day a brave, bright little terrier, going out into the lovely grounds which surrounded his home, saw a monkey, belonging to an organ-grinder, seated upon a bank. With a fierce bark he made a dash toward him. The monkey, dressed in a fancy jacket and hat, waited so quietly that the dog halted just a little ways in front of him to think what to do. Both animals stood looking steadily, for a moment, at each other. The dog, recovering from his surprise, was about to spring upon the intruder, when the monkey, lifting his paw, gracefully saluted him by raising his hat. The effect was magical. The dog's head and tail dropped, and he sneaked off to the house, refusing to leave it until his polite but strange guest had departed.

Some animals seem more sensible than some people. The little monkey teaches us a good lesson. Courtesy will disarm wrath.

“Two it takes to make a quarrel;
One can always end it.”

Courtesy is an “easy grace that makes other people comfortable.”

One day an aged gentleman gave a dinner, to which he invited a young friend and his wife and their only child. The child was a precocious, bashful, sensitive little girl of three. During the dinner she upset a glass of water, and hastily noticed the looks in her direction. Her lip quivered, and her eyes filled with tears. The gentleman who gave the dinner knocked over his own glass with a crash that drew every eye in his direction. He laughed over the matter, said it made no difference, and completely succeeded in withdrawing the attention from the child, who soon smiled again. The one who saw this incident and related it, adds “That was the perfection of politeness.”

A poor girl married a young man who afterward became a senator. At one of their public receptions, a man from the country, who had voted for her husband, was shown into the parlor. He was dazed by the lights, the crowd, and the elegance about him, and stood helpless and awkward, fumbling with his hat, and shifting his feet.

The hostess stepped forward, held out both hands, and in her fresh, clear voice said: “Why, how do you do, and when did you come?”

“Child,” he answered, “how’d ye know me? I ain’t seed you since you was a little thing.”

"No," she laughingly replied, "the last time you saw me, I was up to my elbows in soapsuds, washing my dress to go to a picnic on your farm."

The old man smiled. "I declare," he said, "it does my eyes good to look at ye, and find ye ain't a bit stuck up by your fine position."

She made much of the old man, introducing him as "an old friend of mine," making his visit one of the events of his life, and one to which he always looked back with much pleasure.

"Courtesy is the beauty of the heart." One day, in hastily turning the corner of a crooked street in London, a young lady ran with great force against a ragged beggar-boy, and almost knocked him down. She turned and said kindly, "I beg your pardon, my little fellow. I am sorry I ran against you." The poor boy was astonished. He looked at her a moment in surprise, and then, taking off his three-quarters of a cap, he made a low bow and said: "You can have my parding, miss, and welcome; and the next time you run agin me you can knock me clean down, and I won't say a word." After the lady had passed on, he turned to his companion and said: "I say, Jim, it's the first time I ever had anybody ask my parding, and it kind o' took me off my feet."

Courtesy is quiet unselfishness. One day a lady went into a toy-shop with her little son and daughter.

"Buy us each a lead-pencil, mamma," said Willie.

"Yes, do, mamma," said May.

"I'll get one and divide it between you," said mamma, taking some money from her purse.

When the pencil was cut one piece was smaller than the other.

"What shall I do?" asked mamma.

Willie, the younger, said, with a smile on his rosy face: "I'll take the little piece, mamma; for I am a man, and ladies should have the best of everything."

Courtesy is kindness kindly conferred. It is doing a favor with real joy in the doing of it. The "Christian World" tells how two lads, with book-satchels strapped to their backs, stood on the corner of a noisy, bustling street, laughing and talking merrily, and waiting for a car.

Suddenly one of them thoughtlessly sung out, "Come here and I'll pick you up;" and the other, looking to see what had called forth the rude remark, saw a poorly-dressed old woman struggling up from the muddy crossing, where she had fallen, and watching anxiously the cars and carts passing by. He was at her side in a moment.

"Let me help you, madam," he said kindly, taking her arm and lifting a basket that stood beside her.

She gave him a grateful look, but did not speak.

"Can I put you on a car, madam?" the boy asked, as they both stood safe on the sidewalk.

The woman's lip quivered. "You are kind,"

she said, "and I thank you ; but I'll rest here a minute, and then I'll have to go back over that crossing," shivering at the thought. "You see," she continued, lifting the cover of the big basket ; "some of the clothes slipped out and got muddy, so I must take them home and do them over.'

She looked so weary and discouraged that the lad felt there was something else to do.

"You were on your way to deliver them?" he asked.

"Yes; to Judge Monroe's."

"Ah," said he, "that's near where I live. I'll deliver the clean things for you, and you can carry the others back home and do them over."

Her poor old eyes brightened, but it did not seem possible that the handsome, well-dressed lad would do this service for a poor washer-woman.

"Where do you live?" he asked.

"On the corner of Quay street—a long ways from here."

"Yes, I know."

Soon she found herself in a street-car, her fare paid to Quay street, and a silver dollar in her hand.

"Bless him!" she said to herself. "Bless him! He's a kind laddie, and he'll be a grand man some day."

Meanwhile the lad was in another street-car with the basket of clothes, which he delivered with a merry smile to Mrs. Monroe, who laughed

as she said, "Why, Frank, what does this mean? Are you running a laundry?"

He told her of the misfortune of the poor old laundress, and gave such a graphic picture of her fear of muddy crossings, Mrs. Monroe resolved henceforth to pay her car-fare back and forth from her home.

"To think that a boy should be more thoughtful than I," she said to herself. "Bless the laddie! He's laying the foundation of a noble manhood."

The poor laundress and the aristocratic Mrs. Monroe both made the same prophecy, and I am sure it is being fulfilled.

Courtesy is refinement of manner.

Courtesy is "good feeling set to rule."

Here are some rules of etiquette for those whose hearts are kind, but who do not quite know what is courteous:

Always say, "Yes, sir." "No, sir." "Yes, papa" "No, papa." "Thank you." "No, thank you." "Good night." "Good morning." Never say, "What?" "How?" "Which?" Never use slang. Avoid all profane or vulgar language. Never abuse or scold any one, nor rebuke any one in the presence of others.

It is discourteous, unkind and uncharitable, to pay any attention to the deformity of another.

Speak to a servant or a washer-woman, or a poor working-man, as kindly and politely as you would to a king or queen. Never ridicule any one, nor speak unkindly of them, though they be

miles away from you. Never mention any one's faults behind his back.

Never correct a mistake in any one, unless it is important, and then say: "Excuse me, but I think you are mistaken."

Give precedence to elders, visitors, and superiors. Offer them the best of everything. Always give way to them, unless they request you to take the lead; then obey, for it is true courtesy to comply with the wishes of those who are older.

Offer your seat to an old lady or gentleman. Let your companions enter the carriage or room first.

Knock at the door of a private room before entering, and never peer into private letters or other property that may be in your way.

Be on time at church, or school, or business. Punctuality is a courtesy to be coveted and cultivated.

Be pure in your habits. Never smoke or chew. Tobacco-using is vulgar, injurious to the health of one who indulges in it and those who associate with him.

Do a kindness as cheerfully for father or mother, sister or brother, as you would for the stranger.

Sing or play, or do anything you are asked, at once without any excuse, but never push yourself forward.

In conversation listen attentively, and do not interrupt or reply till the other has finished,

Never whisper in company. This is specially discourteous, as is talking where any one is singing or playing the piano.

Respect the religious belief of others, even if they differ entirely from you. Never argue against them, but be ready always to tell quietly why you differ from them.

If called to defend yourself, speak low and moderately, and change the subject as quickly as possible. Be sure and acknowledge you were wrong if in the slightest degree you were.

If in doubt what to do, the Golden Rule, Mat. 7:12, the humility precepts, Ph. 2:3, 4, and the example of the Lord Jesus, Mk. 10:45, will help you.

OUR PRAYER: Blessed Lord, teach us true courtesy. Help us to be affable, polite, thoughtful, unselfish, kind and loving. Help us to do to others what we would have them do to us. Help us to think of others as better than ourselves. Help us to remember that Jesus came to minister, and He wants us to be like Him.

Fifteenth Bible B.

B Thankful.

"Be thankful unto Him, and bless His name." Ps. 100:4.

"And let the peace of God rule in your hearts—and be ye thankful." Col. 3:15.

Mark with a gold B.

Thank and *thankful* come from the same old Anglo-Saxon derivation as *think* and *thoughtful*. So to be thankful is to be thoughtful of benefits received, to be grateful for kindness conferred. One may be happy and not thankful; glad and not grateful.

Sanford Cobb, the missionary to Persia, said to a young friend: "Do you ever feel thankful when God blesses you?" "Always." "Did you ever tell him so?" "Well, I don't know that I have." "Well, try it, my young friend. Tell Him so; tell Him aloud; tell Him so that you will hear it yourself." It was a revelation to the child, who found that it was one thing to be glad for a favor, and another to be grateful for it.

When God heard Mary Pryor's prayer and saved the vessel, as by a miracle, from the terrible shipwreck that threatened, the first act of the godly woman after they all reached shore, was one of thanksgiving. There, in the mud and rain, she

knelt upon the wharf, while captain and crew, passengers and bystanders, reverently uncovered and bowed their heads, as she offered a fervent thanksgiving to their Father in heaven for their great deliverance. She was both glad and grateful.

A little boy said to his teacher: "Carlo always says 'thank you' when I feed him." "How does he say it?" asked the teacher. "Why he looks in my face so glad, and wags his tail."

How often we kneel and ask for blessings, and do not thank our Father, when there is so much to thank Him for. Did you ever think that

"Now I lay me down to sleep,"

is a prayer without any thanks?

Mamie had had such a happy day. She had been to a picnic, and her brothers had taken her rowing, and she had had a pole and fished, and such good things to eat. When she returned home and kneeled down to pray, (she did not just say her prayers every night, but she really lifted up her little heart to Jesus, and told Him just how she felt and what she wanted), she waited a few moments thinking, and then said, with a long breath, "Why! I guess it's ALL thank Yous tonight, Jesus!" She had enjoyed so much and she took it all as coming from her heavenly Father, and there was no want—only "thank Yous" in her little heart.

I like to thank the Lord in the morning for the general blessings, such as food, clothing,

health, friends, home ; and in the evening for the special blessings of that day, as a book given to me, a visit from a friend, a subscription to the *ILLUSTRATOR*, an opportunity to speak for Christ, a letter from home, or the memory of some past blessing.

Bishop Hutton, traveling on horseback with attendants, suddenly dismounted and retired to a particular spot and spent some time in prayer. On his return, being asked the reason, he said, "When I was a poor boy I traveled over this mountain one cold, bleak day, without shoes or stockings. On that identical spot I disturbed a cow that I might warm my feet and legs where she had lain. I felt that I could not pass the place without thanking God for his mercies to me."

It pleases our heavenly Father to have us thankful "for all things." Eph. 5:20.

One day I was walking along Fifth Avenue while a procession was passing. Crowds were on the steps and at the windows. As I passed one lovely home, a little girl, standing on the stone base of a rail-fence, dropped her handkerchief, and I picked it up and handed it to her. She said sweetly, "Oh, I thank you so much." As I went on I found myself recalling again and again her pleasant "thank you." And I thought: After this, I will always say "Thank You, Lord," whenever my heavenly Father does something for me, and not wait until the time for prayers. I know

it pleases Him, as the little girl's words pleased me.

"All things," means the little things as well as the great things.

Little Preston was taking his Saturday-night scrub, and after the hard part was over, he was allowed to play in the warm water, splashing it over himself, and enjoying it thoroughly. At last his mother said :

"Come, Preston, let's get out now, and get ready for bed."

As he watched the swirl of water going out of the tub, he said, "Good-by, water!" Then in an undertone, "You sweet water!"

A little laugh from his mother seemed to call for an explanation, so he added: "Well, it *was* sweet water, mother! It made me so nice and warm and clean." That was the way the little four-year-old child had of expressing his thanks for the water. Often grown people forget to be grateful for such little things, but this child-heart thought of it, and put his thought into words.

It is a beautiful custom to give thanks at the table for food. Jesus did always, Mat. 15:36; 26:27. And when the great apostle was on the wrecked vessel, he followed the example of Jesus. No hurry, no fear of ridicule, no imminence of peril could prevent Paul from acknowledging his gratitude before the heathen. He "gave thanks to God in the presence of them all." Ac. 27:35.

It requires little courage for a Christian to

ask a blessing before a meal at his own table. But to overcome the fear of ridicule, and quietly give thanks on shipboard, or in a restaurant, or at a picnic, or at a friend's house, where they are unaccustomed to give thanks, does require firmness and courage and grace. But if we follow the example of the good and of our Lord, we shall give thanks, not only in our own quiet homes, but in the hurry and excitement of travel and pleasure.

When my dear niece Rilla was a little girl, she was invited to lunch with a friend. As the meal began she waited quietly for the blessing to be asked. But the gay talking did not cease, and the waiter began to pass the cold chicken. She watched each one help themselves and saw no heads bowed in thankfulness. As the plate was passed to her she noticed a wing, the part she liked the best. She looked timidly at the hostess, then, before helping herself, bowed her head and said, softly and reverently, "Thank you, Jesus, for my wing, anyway."

It is one thing to *say* we are thankful, and another to *show* that we are thankful.

A little boy, receiving a present, knelt down and said: "Dear God, I thank You for my beautiful gift, *and I will do anything you want me to do.* Amen."

That is one way to show that we are thankful, by doing what God wants us to do.

A dear little girl was ill with diphtheria, and the anxious father and mother watched night after

night with tears and prayers. The doctor said there was no hope for the little one, and the mother was moaning over her child, thinking she was too sick to understand. "Oh! my darling; how can I give you up?" The child opened her eyes and said: "Jesus, mamma, Jesus." The sweet words gave the mother new hope, and she said: "I will trust Jesus more fully. He knows best." And the loving Father gave her back her dear one. When the little one could sit up, she said one day to her mother: "Mamma, how will people know how thankful we are to Jesus for giving me back to you? I think we ought to do something for Him."

In a Brooklyn hospital, in the children's ward, is a little brass cot with a snow-white pillow and counterpane, for a little diphtheria patient. In the bank is money to buy everything the little sufferer needs. And visitors seeing this prettiest bed in the building, are told the story of the little girl and her mother who wanted to show how thankful they were for God's kindness to them.

A thank-you box in a home is one way of expressing gratitude for favors. A baby-boy whose mother was a missionary worker, hearing about them, begged for one. That night when his father came home he ran down the stairway with the box in his hand. "Do you feel very thankful, papa?" "What for?" papa asked, tossing the questioner up to his shoulder. "Cause you're home and I'm kissing you." "Indeed I do," was the laughing

reply. "Then put a penny in my thank-you box," shouted the young missionary.

Mamma had to put one in because she was thankful the spring-cleaning was done. Brother put in five because his new suit came home just in time. Bridget had the box presented to her when she was glad Monday was such a fine drying day; and sister gave twice for two pleasant afternoons gathering wild-flowers.

So many things to be thankful for, the little box grew heavy. But one day there was no little boy to pass around the "thank-you" box. He lay up-stairs, burning with fever and unconscious. All night they watched beside him, but when the morning came the doctor said, "He is safe now." It was the answer to their asking. Brother was the first to drop a shining coin into the tiny box, with a "Thank you, dear God." One after another the rest silently followed his example.

OUR PRAYER: Heavenly Father, help us to think of the good things You give us, and thank You for them night and morning and all through the day, and help us to show our gratitude by doing whatever You tell us, and by giving to others of what You give us.

Sixteenth Bible B.

B Patient.

"Be gentle.....apt to teach, patient." 2 Ti. 2: 24.

"Be.....no striker.....but patient." 1 Ti. 3: 2, 3.

"Be.....patient in tribulation." Ro. 12: 10, 12.

"Be patient toward all men." 1 Th. 5: 14.

"Be patient.....unto the coming of the Lord." Jas. 5: 7.

"Be ye also patient," Jas. 5: 8.

Mark B. P. with gold or yellow.

Patience comes from the Latin word *pati*, to suffer. So we use the noun patient for a person under the doctor's care. They who bear trial and pain without murmuring are patient. They who are forbearing and long-suffering are patient. They who endure trouble with calmness and fortitude are patient. They who can quietly wait and trust God are patient.

A dear little girl wanted her aunt to crack some hickory nuts for her.

"I'm too busy, now," said her aunt.

"Well, auntie, me can wait till the busy goes away," the child said. She knew how to be patient.

Little Susie Reynolds was a great favorite with Dr. Brown. One day, as he was passing, she called out, "Where are you going, now, Doctor?"

"I've just been down to Mr. Slocum's, little one," said the doctor.

"Oh!" rejoined Susie. "I didn't know you had a patient there."

"I haven't," answered the doctor.

"Why, Dr. Brown. You don't mean you wish some of Mr. Slocum's people were sick?"

"I don't have to wish it," replied the doctor, in a teasing tone. "There is somebody sick there."

"Why, doctor! didn't you just tell me you had no patient there?"

"Yes, those were my words exactly. Nellie is sick, and I've just been to see her, but she isn't my patient."

Susie looked up in surprise. Finally she exclaimed, "Oh, I know what you mean, doctor. She is Dr. Meredith's patient and you are tending her while he is away."

"You'll have to guess again," replied the doctor. "She isn't Dr. Meredith's patient, nor the patient of any other doctor in town."

"Then I should like to know what she is," Susie asked.

"I'll tell you. She is my little im-patient. She frets, and fumes, and fusses, and scolds, and worries, and cries, and sighs, and groans, and she isn't the least bit patient about her medicine or anything, and so I told her that she can't be a patient of mine; but I shall bring a new word in-

to my medical practice and call her my first impatient."

Susie laughed, and as soon as her mamma would let her, went over to Nellie's to tell her about it.

When her story had been told, Nellie felt the rebuke keenly. As Susie left, she said: "Please tell Dr. Brown that he hasn't any little impatient any longer; and I am going to be one of his patients."

A woman whose life had been full of trouble, wrote: Nothing has given me more courage to face every day's duties and troubles than a few words spoken to me by my father when a child. He was the village doctor. I came into his office where he was compounding medicine one day, looking cross and ready to cry.

"What is the matter, Mary?"

"I'm tired. I've been making beds and washing dishes all day, and what good does it do? To-morrow the beds will have to be made and the dishes washed again."

"Look, my child," he said, "do you see these empty vials? They are all cheap things, of no value in themselves; but in one I put perfume, in another a healing medicine. Nobody cares for the vials; what they contain gives them value. Your daily work, the dishes washed, or the floor swept, are homely things, and count for little in themselves; but it is the sweet patience or love for

God that you can put into your work that shall last. These make your life."

Jesus is our example of suffering patience. Have you ever thought how He spent years of His life in a little country town, working at the carpenter's bench, "subject" to His earthly parents, and doing patiently His heavenly Father's will? Lu. 2: 51. Jno. 8: 29, 1. c.

And after He had healed the sick, and opened the eyes of the blind, and restored the lame, and raised the dead, and the chief priests, instead of being grateful, envied Him, and hated Him and unjustly arrested Him, He would not let Peter fight for Him: He would not pray for "the twelve legions of angels" that were waiting to serve Him and punish them. Mat. 26: 52, 53. He was patient.

When they falsely accused Him, "He held His peace and answered nothing." Mk. 14: 61. He was patient.

When they spat upon Him and buffeted Him, and crowned Him with thorns and mocked Him, He only pitied them. Mat. 26: 67; 27: 29-31. He was patient.

And while they drove the cruel nails into His quivering flesh, as they placed Him on the cross, He prayed: "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." Lu. 23: 34. He was patient.

And when the passers-by reviled Him, and the chief priests and the scribes and the elders and the thieves taunted Him with the words: "He

saved others, Himself he cannot save," Mat. 27: 39-44, He was so quiet and gentle and patient that one of the thieves was sorry he had taunted Him, and asked to be forgiven and saved. Lu. 23:39-43.

When we think of Jesus' wonderful patience, shall it not make us forbearing with others?

When Mrs. Matthews was a missionary at Castle Garden, she took into her home a young stranger from England, who had been committed to her care by his mother, with the hope of reform. Many times he went away to drink and carouse. Each time when he returned she greeted him kindly, telling him she feared he was lost.

One evening she invited him to attend a meeting. Toward the close of the service he commenced weeping bitterly and throwing himself on his knees, cried out, "Oh! Lord, give me the religion these people have got, for I never saw anything like it!"

After a little, He arose and shouted happily, "I've got it, I've got it, I know I have." And he had. Christ's patience in us is sure to win men.

Jesus lets trials come into our lives that we may be patient in them and trust our Heavenly Father, as He did, that they will not be harder than we can bear.

A little boy going home from work with a heavy mallet on his shoulder, said to his father: "Oh! papa, how glad I am that we left the wedges till to-morrow night. This mallet is all I can carry."

"Do the best you can, my son," said the

father; "I know you are tired, and the mallet is heavy, but be patient."

For some time after these words of encouragement the little fellow was patient, but at last he stopped, and lowering the mallet to the ground, said: "Papa, I cannot carry it any farther."

"You need not, my boy," was the father's reply. "You have done well. Some little boys would have complained in a short time, but you have not. You have been patient, and have nobly strengthened your own power of endurance by what you have done. Now, my darling, I will carry the mallet the rest of the way."

A gentleman, who walked behind the father and the child, and heard their talk, telling the story, says, "I learned a lesson that night. I learned that if I bore life's burdens patiently, my Heavenly Father would, when the time came, take them from me and bear them for me."

Some one says: "Perfect patience is a sign of maturity, so that the young Christian need not be discouraged if he does not find himself possessed of it all at once. It is not the work of a day. But if he presses forward with diligence, and takes pains, counting it all joy when he falls into manifold trials, as James says, he will in due time obtain it fully, and find it worth all it cost."

Here are some mottoes on Patience. Choose the one you think is the best and write it in your Bible and ask God to help you to live it:

1. Patience complains not, nor courts pity.
2. Patience is genius.
3. All comes right to him who can wait.
4. Patience is a remedy for hard-times.
5. Hold on, hold fast, hold out.
6. Patience is lying-to and riding out the gale.
7. The secret of all success is to know how to wait.

OUR PRAYER: Heavenly Father, teach us how to be patient, how to trust, and rest, and wait, and know that all things are working together for our good because we love Thee.

Seventeenth Bible B.

B Healthy.

"Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health." 3 Jno. 2.

Mark with a red line.

This is a prayer of our Lord for His "beloved." He would have us always in health. God never makes His children sick. He sometimes punishes the wicked with sickness, and He permits the devil to put sickness on His children, but it is never His perfect will for them. He says to us, if we obey Him, "I will take sickness away from the midst of thee." Ex. 23:25.

The Bible tells us the sick are "oppressed of the devil," Ac. 10:38.

Satan smote Job with boils, Job 2:7. Satan bound the poor woman who touched Jesus' garment and was healed, Lu. 13:16.

Jesus *never* made anybody sick. He healed *all* that were sick, Mat. 8:16; 12:15. He gave His disciples power to heal all manner of sickness, Mat. 10:1. And He is the same yesterday, to-day and forever, He. 13:8.

A little girl fell down stairs and struck her back on one or more of the steps. For two weeks

she complained a little and was nervous; then one morning she awoke quite sick, with pains in her spine and a contraction of the cords of the neck on one side, causing her head to incline over. The doctor found she was suffering from quinsy, intensified by the shock of her fall. Prayer was offered for her, and the abscesses broke, but she was more than ever disfigured and the pain in the back increased. Then her mother sent for the minister to anoint her with oil and offer the prayer of faith, according to James 5: 14, 15. Sleep immediately followed, and relief from suffering. The next morning, while mother and child were talking over the goodness of God, the little one said, "I don't think you prayed quite right yesterday, mamma." "Why not, dear?" "Why, you see, first the minister prayed. I think *that* ought to have been enough, but then papa prayed, and the doctor, and then you, and it really did seem as if you were all afraid Jesus wouldn't hear the first time." The next day the pain was gone, yet her head was drawn clear over, and she did not feel very well; so she and her mother knelt to pray again about it, and the little one said: "Dear Lord, don't think I'm going to ask you to heal me, for I'm not, for you *have*; only do please make me patient while I'm getting well." The days went by, and patience was granted, not only to the child herself, but to the parents. One friend, who called and saw the poor little thing, became so affected she remained but a short time and said

afterwards she felt the child would be deformed all her life.

The little one was able to go about the house, but there was no change in the contraction of her neck, and her face had a pitiful expression, which was a grief to her parents.

One Sunday her mother felt she ought to leave her and go and teach her Sunday-school class, as she had not been able to get any one to take it. On the way to Sunday-school she prayed earnestly for her little girl. When she came home she found the child sitting up perfectly erect and her face all smiles. The little one said: "Almost as soon as you were gone, mamma, I felt so sleepy, and I went and laid down, and when I woke up I could move my head so easy, without a bit of pain in my neck or my back." Then mother and daughter had a real time of praise and rejoicing together at the goodness of God.

Another dear little girl who was sick, after having quinine given to her, because her father was afraid to trust her alone to God, without any medicine, told her mamma she would much rather trust Jesus, because she knew He could heal her; besides, she added, "He *never* was bitter, and quinine *is*." She was not forced to take it after that; and in answer to her mother's prayer, in which she trustingly joined, she was speedily healed.

A lad, about thirteen years of age, suffered much from a tumor that had grown upon the top

of his head. It had grown about an inch and a half across, and protruded about an inch high, was painful and sore all around it, and he suffered a long time from it. Going to a physician, he was advised to have it cut out. He did not wish to submit to that ordeal. His mother said: "We will go all alone every day and pray the Lord to cure it." They did, and immediately it began to go away, and within a week it was all gone. Thus suffering, and perhaps life, was saved; but, what is better, a lesson of faith in Jesus was learned that no trick of Satan can ever remove.

Marion Hull, a girl of eleven, wrote the following in a letter to a friend of mine. "'The Lord is my Rock, and my Fortress, and my Deliverer; my God, my Strength, in whom I will trust.' Ps. 18:2. This is my favorite verse, because it says, 'The Lord is my *Strength*,' i. e., I am *His* and He is mine. All that I am He has His say about, and why should I take the glory of anything?

"One Sunday morning I woke up with my leg lame. Mamma said likely it was a growing pain, and didn't think much about it. *But I did.* It hurt me so that I could hardly walk. One leg got two inches shorter than the other, and I could only go to school part of the time, and had great misery for over three weeks.

"At last mamma thought it was out of joint, and so did everybody. She went to a doctor, and he said it was hip disease and that I must go to a

specialist; so we went. Oh, I will never forget the walk home; my limping, and mamma very sad. Mamma said: 'Marion, I fear no doctors on earth can do it, but the heavenly One will.' That was the last. The heavenly doctor did it.

"One day at dinner (a month after it first commenced), I felt a wonderful feeling come through my whole body. O, how blessed was the feeling, just as if God Himself had told me, 'Rise and walk.' With the excitement of the feeling I did not know what to do, but mamma told me to do it. I got up, and to my extreme joy I could jump, then I could run a little. O how blessed and good God *is*! How could I ever thank Him? We just knelt down and prayed and gave thanks-giving.

"Ever since then (which has been a year of God's own will), I have felt nothing of it, and my limbs soon got to be the same length again. God, indeed, has been my Strength and my Rock."

When little Faith Judd Montgomery was only three and a half years old, she would ask the Lord to heal herself and others, without the shadow of a doubt. One evening her mother burned her hand and was suffering much. Grandma came and said to Baby Faith: "We will pray for mamma right away." But the precious child had already been on her knees in her mother's behalf, and so great was her faith that she utterly rejected the thought of another petition being necessary; so she ran with all haste to her grandma, to prevent

her kneeling, exclaiming earnestly, "*I did, Ga'-amma, I did, I did!*" The tone, even more than the words, showed how thoroughly she believed God had heard her prayer; and He had, for speedily the mother's hand was entirely well.

A shoemaker in Tokio, Japan, was led to Christ through a toy knitter, sent by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of Philadelphia, and given to his little girl from the Christmas tree. Not long after, he brought to the meetings a neighbor's boy, seventeen years old, who had been deaf and dumb from his birth, and asked the missionaries to pray for his healing. They did so, but the boy could not hear. The next night a young man came to the meeting and said the shoemaker had lost all faith and returned to his idol worship. When the missionaries heard this, they went with two other Christians to the shoemaker's house and asked if they might pray for the boy's hearing. The shoemaker said it was too late to pray for him then, but that he would bring the boy to the meeting the next evening.

At the close of the meeting, the leader asked the shoemaker to bring the boy forward where all the Christians could kneel with him. About ten prayers were offered, but he could not hear. So all were invited to come the next evening and pray. This was done, and before the close of the meeting the deaf and dumb boy could hear. Word was sent to his parents, and they came and took him home, and at ten o'clock, less than three

hours from the time he first heard plainly, they returned with him to show the missionaries that he had begun to lisp the vocal sounds.

The boy's hearing was perfect from that time on. He was bound out to a poor man, with whom he learned the Japanese shoe-trade, but they had no time to teach him; so the shoemaker consented to give him a part of each day for study, and he learned rapidly. The shoemaker's wife brought the missionaries fifty pieces of money, which she was saving for the Buddhist gods, and said:

"Since I have found it is Christ that has the power to heal diseases, I wish to give it to Him."

They took the money and subscribed for a religious paper for the shoemaker to read. How rejoiced they all were to have proved that Jesus is just the same to-day.

OUR PRAYER—

"Blessed Jesus, Thou art mine,
All I have is wholly Thine;
Thou dost dwell within my heart,
Thou dost reign in every part.

"I am safe within the fold;
All my cares on Thee are rolled;
I enjoy the sweetest rest,
For I'm leaning on Thy breast.

"Precious Jesus, day by day,
Keep me in the holy way;
Keep me cheerful, keep me well,
Ever in Thy love to dwell."

Eighteenth Bible B.

B True.

"Be true." Gen. 42:19.

"Be true." Deu. 17:4.

Draw a straight blue line under the texts.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed ;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed ;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

—Horatio Bonar.

A farmer said to his little boy, "It is time for you to go to the pasture and drive home the cattle."

John was playing ball, and the pasture was a long way, but he was used to obey, so off he started, without a word, at high speed.

Being in a hurry to get back to play, he only half let down the bars and hurried the cattle through, and one fine cow, in trying to crowd over, stumbled, fell, and broke her leg.

John stood by the suffering creature, and thought to himself, "Now what shall I do? This is the finest cow father has, and it will have to be killed, and it will be a great loss. What shall I tell him?"

"Tell him," whispered the tempter—"you

found the bars half-down, and the creature lying here." "No, I can't say that," said John; "for that would be a lie."

"Tell him," whispered the tempter again, "that while you were driving the cows, that big boy of farmer Brown's threw a stone and hurried that cow so that she fell."

"No, no," said John; "I never told a lie, and I won't begin now. I'll tell father *the truth*. It was my fault. I was in a hurry, and I frightened the poor creature, and she fell and broke her leg."

He went straight to his father and told him the whole truth. He laid his hand on his boy's head and said: "My son, my dear son, I would rather lose every cow I own, than that my boy should tell me an untruth."

The child who will think truly, speak truly, and live truly, will grow to a noble manhood.

To be true is to be honored. A little Scotch boy came to this country to live with his cousins. He went with them to school. At night the teacher called the roll, and the boys began to answer "Ten." When Willie understood that he was to say ten if he had not whispered during the day, he replied:

"I have whispered." "More than once?" "Yes, sir," answered Willie. "As many as ten times?" "May be I have," faltered Willie. "Then I shall mark you zero," said the teacher sternly, "and that is a great disgrace." "Why, I did not see you whisper once," said his cousin, that

night after school. "Well, I did. I saw others doing it, and so I asked to borrow a book ; then I lent a slate-pencil, and asked a boy for a knife, and did several such things. I supposed it was allowed." "O, we all do it," said Burt, reddening. "There isn't any sense in the old rule, and nobody could keep it; nobody does." "I will, or else I will say I haven't," said Willie. "Do you suppose I will tell ten lies in one heap?"

"O, we don't call them lies," muttered Johnnie. "There wouldn't be a credit amongst us at night if we were so strict." "What of that, if you told the truth?" laughed Willie, bravely. In a short time the boys all saw how it was with him. He studied hard, played with all his might in play-time, but, according to his account, he lost more credits than any of the rest. The boys answered "Nine" and "Eight" oftener than they used to. Yet the schoolroom was quieter.

Sometimes, when Willie's mark was even lower than usual, the teacher would smile peculiarly, but said no more of disgrace, and it made the boys ashamed of themselves, seeing that this sturdy, blue-eyed boy must tell the truth. They talked him all over, and loved him, if they did nickname him "Scotch Granite," he was so firm. At the end of the term, Willie's name was low down on the credit list. When it was read he had hard work not to cry, for he had tried to be perfect.

But the last thing that day was a speech by the teacher, who told of once seeing a man

muffled up in a cloak. He was passing him without a look, when he was told that the man was General ——, the great hero. "The signs of his rank were hidden, but the hero was there just the same," said the teacher. "And now, boys, you will see what I mean when I give a little gold medal to the most faithful boy—the one really the most conscientiously 'perfect in his deportment' among you. Who shall have it?"

"Little Scotch Granite!" shouted forty boys at once, for the child whose name was so low on the credit list, because he had been true, had made truth noble in their eyes, and they honored him for it.

It always pays to tell the truth, though it may seem sometimes as if we might gain by telling a lie. Pansy tells a story of a lad who was sent to buy something by a merchant who wanted a boy. The lad was on trial and hoping to get the place. When he came back the employer said :

"Well, my boy, did you get what I sent you for?"

"Yes, sir, and here is the change : but I don't understand it. The lemons cost twenty-eight cents, and there ought to be twenty-two cents change, and there's only seventeen, according to my count."

"Perhaps I made a mistake in giving you the money."

"No, sir, I counted it in the hall to be sure it was all right."

"Then, perhaps, the clerk made a mistake in giving you the change."

But John shook his head. "No, sir, I counted that too. Father said we must always count our change before leaving the store."

"Then how do you account for the missing five cents? How do you expect me to believe such a queer story as that?"

"John's cheeks grew red, but his voice was firm. "I don't account for it, sir; I can't. All that I know is that it is so."

"Well, it is worth a good deal to be sure of that. How do you account for the five-cent piece that is hiding inside your coat-sleeve?"

He looked down quickly and caught the gleaming bit with a cry of pleasure. "Here you are! Now it's all right. I couldn't imagine what had become of that five-cent piece. I was certain I had it when I left the store."

"There are two or three things that I know now," Mr. Brown said, with a satisfied air. "I know you have been taught to count your money in coming and going, and to tell the exact truth, whether it sounds well or not—two important things in an errand-boy. I think I will try you, young man, without looking farther."

The boy's cheeks grew redder than ever. He looked down and up, and finally said in a low voice: "I think I ought to tell you that I wanted the place so badly that I almost made up my

mind to say nothing about the change if you didn't ask me."

"Exactly," said Mr. Brown; "and if you had done it you would have lost the situation, that's all. I need a boy about me who can be honest over so small a sum as five cents, whether he is asked questions or not."

To be true is to be honest. One day a poor boy picked up an old envelope and found on it a postage stamp which the postmaster had failed to cancel. "The postmaster missed his aim then," said the boy, "and left the stamp as good as new. I'll use it myself." He moistened it at the nose of the tea-kettle and carefully pulled off the stamp. "No," said a soft voice in the boy's heart, "that would be cheating. The stamp has been on one letter; it ought not to carry another."

"It can carry another," said John, "because, you see, there is no mark to prove it worthless. The post-office will not know."

"But you know," said the voice, "and that's enough. It is not honest to use it a second time. It is a little matter, but it is cheating. God looks at the motive."

"But no one will know it," said the boy faintly.

"No one?" said the voice. "God will know it, and that is enough; and He desires truth in the inward parts." Ps. 51 : 6.

The boy listened to the inward monitor, and

said, "Yes, it is cheating to use the postage-stamp the second time, and I'll not do it."

Then he tore it in two and threw it away and his heart was light, because he had been true when he was tempted,

Those who are true hate lying, because God hates it.

One day, while Gen. Grant was in the White House, an important conference was being held, when the servant brought up the card of a visitor.

One sitting near the door said to the servant, "Tell the one who sent up the card that the President is not in." "No," said the General quickly, "tell him no such thing."

Then, turning to his friend, he quietly remarked, "I don't lie myself, and I don't want my servants to lie for me."

Years afterward, when Grant lay ill, his testimony was called for in an important case. The lawyers and attendants went into his room. When he was ready to testify, they did not ask him to take the oath, as lawyers always do. They knew he would speak the truth.

A little girl, talking with her mother about the sin of lying and stealing, finally said, "I've concluded it's worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing you can take it back, 'less you've eaten it; and if you've eaten it you can pay for it. But"—with a look of awe on her little face—"A lie is forever."

One can never know the sad results that may

come from a lie. A father had a vicious, kicking horse that he was anxious to sell. While trying to make a bargain with a man to purchase the horse, he said, "That horse is so gentle that my little girl could go up behind him and twist his tail and he would not raise a hoof." The child overheard the father's lie and believed it.

One day, being left alone in the barn she tried the experiment, and was killed. The father's lie cost his little girl her life.

Those who are true will never trifle with the truth. A little boy, for a trick, pointed with his finger to the wrong road when a man asked him which way the doctor went. As a result the man missed the doctor, and a little boy died because the doctor came too late to take a fish-bone from his throat.

At the funeral the minister said that "the boy was killed by a lie which another boy told with his finger." I suppose that the boy did not know the mischief he had done.

He never thought to kill a little boy when he pointed the wrong way. He only wanted to have a little fun, but it was fun that cost somebody a great deal; and if he ever heard of the results of it, he must have felt guilty of doing a mean and wicked thing.

OUR PRAYER: Blessed Lord, help me always to be true for my own sake, for humanity's sake, for the truth's sake, for Thine own dear name's sake. Amen.

Nineteenth Bible B.

B Steadfast.

"Beloved...be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord," 1 Co. 15: 58.

"Thou shalt be steadfast, and shalt not fear," Job 11: 15.

Mark with blue B. S.

To be steadfast is to be established, constant, unwavering, firm, resolute, unswerving.

A Troy child, asked for the text of the morning sermon, which was 1 Co. 15: 58, said: "Be ye *stuck fast*, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

This reminds me of the following advice a father gave his boy: "My son, observe the postage stamp. Its usefulness depends upon its ability to stick to one thing till it gets there."

This advice is illustrated by the following incident: A landlady, bidding a poor sailor-boy good-by, gave him a Bible and a guinea, and said to him, "God bless and prosper you, my lad; and, as long as you live never suffer yourself to be laughed out of your money or your prayers."

The young sailor carefully followed this advice through life, and had good reason to rejoice that he did so, for he was promoted from one

position to another until he became an Admiral in the English navy.

The steadfast are unmoved by circumstances, and stand loyally for the right, though all the world is against them.

An incident is told of the wife of one of the settlers of Erie County, Pennsylvania, that is worthy to go down through the centuries. Christiana Dickson was a small, blue-eyed, low-voiced, timid woman who had a great horror of drunkenness.

She lived in the days when the use of liquor at barn-raising was universal. One day, when her boys were little, she resolved to put a stop to whiskey-drinking in her home.

Her husband being absent, her brother called for the help of the neighbors, according to custom, to put up a barn needed on her farm. They all assembled and went to work, while she prepared a good dinner. After an hour of two, whiskey was asked for. She refused to provide it.

Her brothers, and at last an elder in the church, came to reason with her, to tell her that she would be accused of meanness.

Without a word the little woman went to the barn, stepped upon a log and said: "My neighbors, this is a strange thing. Three of you are my brothers, three of you are elders in the church—all of you are my friends. I have prepared for you the best dinner in my power. If you refuse to raise the barn without liquor, so be it. But I

would rather these timbers should rot where they lie than give you whiskey."

The men angrily went home, the little woman returned to the house, and for hours cried as though her heart would break. But the next day every man came back, went heartily to work, enjoyed her good dinner, and said not a word about whiskey.

This led to the giving up of whiskey at all barn-raising. Her sons grew up strong and vigorous men, and did good work in helping Christianize the world; their descendants are all of a high type of men and women. If she had yielded this little point, they might have become drunkards, like many of their neighbors.

The steadfast will be unmoved by threats in the time of danger. Robert Moffat and his missionaries were at one time commanded to depart from their station in Southern Africa. Death was the only alternative. The chief who brought the message stood in front of the cottage, with his dusky followers, spear in hand.

The missionary fearlessly confronted him, while his brave wife from the window, with her babe in her arms, prayerfully watched the painful crisis. With steadfast gaze Robert Moffat looked the spear-bearing chief straight in the eye and calmly said: "We will not leave you. Your threats only make us pity you the more, for you know not what you do. If determined to get rid of us you must take stronger measures, for our hearts

are with you. My decision is made; I do not leave your country."

Throwing open his coat, he stood erect and fearless, "Now, if you will, drive your spear into my heart, and when you have slain me, my companions will know that it is time for them to depart."

The chief turned to his followers and said: "These men must have ten lives. If they are so fearless of death there must be something in immortality." Robert Moffat's steadfastness was his salvation and theirs.

The steadfast are never daunted by difficulties, they do not run away from a hard place. A minister was holding a mission in a colliery district and went out in the morning to invite the people to his service. He knocked at one door and found a woman at the wash-tub. He said: "I called to tell you I am holding mission services at the chapel; will you and your family join us?"

"Chapel!" she cried, "I'm up to my eyes in washing. I have a good deal more coming in, and there's that wringing machine; I gave fifty shillings for it, and its broken the first round."

She was in a passion, and he did not say any more, but took a look at the machine. It was not broken, but had slipped out of gear. He set it right, and then said: "You have been hindered, I'll just take a turn at the wringing." So he went to work.

At last, she looked up and said: "I'll tell my husband to-night, and we'll come."

The woman was saved, and her husband and all the family; and she became the best worker in the village. She went from house to house, saying: "Come and hear the minister this evening; it's he as mended my wringing-machine for me." And there was a blessed awakening in that place.

The "steadfast in the faith," I Pe. 5: 9, do not waver, even in the fire of persecution, though ridiculed and tormented.

Three weeks before the battle of the Wilderness, a dozen soldiers were playing cards, when a low sound from a tent, occupied by new recruits, arrested them. They listened a moment; then the ringleader shouted, "Boys, he's praying, or I'm a sinner;" and another called out, "Hurrah for the parson!"

The first speaker said: "You watch things for the next three weeks; I'll take the religion out of him." And in the days that followed, the big burly fellow, with his companions, ridiculed and persecuted the slight, pale-faced lad of eighteen.

Then some of the soldiers, conquered by the lad's gentleness, begged the bully to leave him alone, but he answered: "Oh, the little ranter is only making-believe pious. When we get him under fire, you'll see him run. These pious folks don't like the smell of gunpowder. I've no faith in their religion."

Soon the regiment marched toward Rich-

mond, and engaged in the terrible battle of the Wilderness. It was a hopeless struggle. They were driven back, and when they reformed behind the breastworks the young recruit was missing. They had seen him last beside the man who had persecuted him, fighting desperately. Both were believed to be lost.

Suddenly the big man came tramping through the underbrush bearing the other's dead body. Reverently he laid it down, and said, "Boys, I couldn't leave him with the Rebs—he fought so. I thought he deserved a decent burial."

The men dug a shallow grave and tenderly laid him down. As one was cutting the name and regiment on a board, the big man said huskily, "I guess you better put the words 'Christian soldier' in somewhere. He deserves the title, and maybe it will console him for our abuse."

There was not a dry eye among the rough men as they placed the board at the head of the grave, and stood looking at the inscription. "Well," said one, "he was a Christian soldier, if there ever was one," and turning to the ring-leader, "He didn't run, did he, when he smelt gunpowder?"

"Run?" he said, his voice tender with emotion; "why he didn't budge an inch! But what's that to standing for weeks our fire, and never sending a word back. He just stood by his colors, and let us pepper him, he did."

When the regiment marched away, that rude headboard remained to tell how one lad could be steadfast for the Christ he loved.

OUR PRAYER: Heavenly Father, keep us steadfast; help us to be firm in our desire to be faithful and resolute in our determination to be true to Thee at any cost, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Twentieth Bible B.

B Pitiful.

"Be pitiful," I Pe. 3 : 8.

"Pity the poor." Pr. 28 : 8.

"Have....compassion....even as I had pity on thee." Mat. 18 : 33.

"The Lord is very pitiful." Jas. 5 : 11 ; Ps. 103 : 13.

Draw a red line under the texts.

To be pitiful is to be compassionate. How often we read of Jesus that He "had compassion." Mat. 20 : 34 ; Mk. 5 : 19 ; Lu. 7 : 13. He never turned any one away, He never spoke an unkind word, He was always pitiful.

One who knew not the secret or the sweetness of sacred ministry, said to a friend, "I cannot endure to go into the houses of the poor, they are so full of disagreeable odors; I do not see how you can sit down beside those people and make yourself so perfectly at home among them."

"Why," said the other, "I thought that was what Christians were for, to help those who do not know how to help themselves, whom others would shun."

In a Western prison was an aged woman of seventy, a murderess, who for twenty-seven years had been the terror of the place. Some one, not so despairing as the others, suggested that she be

taken to a Christian reformatory. So, chained by wrists and ankles to a chair, she was carried by armed men, and set down in the hallway of an institution. The godly matron came to greet her. There was the fierce glare of a fiend in the prisoner's eye, but the one who meant to save her said to the guard who had brought her: "Release her instantly."

In spite of their remonstrance, she insisted; cautiously they unbound the hands and feet.

The matron stepped toward her, and laying her hand tenderly on her shoulder, stooped and kissed her. The eyes unused to weep filled with tears. Falling at the feet of the only friend she had ever known, she caught the hem of her dress in her hands and kissed it passionately. She was soon converted; in three months she became the saint of the place, and in three years she was the angel of the reformatory.

A look of compassion, a touch of pity, a kiss of love, saved her.

To be pitiful is to be merciful. A general in the army of the Rebellion, who was strict in his discipline, obtained from Abraham Lincoln a permit to shoot deserters. But the President's kindness of heart was more powerful than his respect for the discipline of the army. One day he received from the general this telegram: "President Lincoln, I pray you not to interfere with the court-martial of the army. You will destroy all discipline among our soldiers."

The day after receiving the telegram, an old man was seen by a Congressman crying in a corner of the White House ante-room, waiting, with a hundred others, to see the President.

"What's the matter with you, old man?" asked the kind-hearted Representative. The old man told him the story of his son, a soldier in the army of Virginia, sentenced to be shot. The Congressman took the old man into Mr. Lincoln's room.

"Well, my old friend, what can I do for you to-day?" asked the President.

The aged man told his story.

"I am sorry to say that I can do nothing for you," answered the President, in mournful tones. "Listen to this telegram which I received yesterday from the General."

The old man's grief was too heart-rending for the merciful President.

Seizing a pen he exclaimed: "General or no General, here goes!" and wrote, "Job Smith is not to be shot until further orders from me.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

"Why, I thought it was to be a pardon!" cried the old man, as he read the words. But you say, 'not to be shot till further orders,' and you may order him to be shot next week."

"Well, my old friend," said Lincoln, smiling at the aged father's fears. "I see you are not well acquainted with me. If your son lives until I order him to be shot, he will live longer than Methuselah did."

The old man thanked the good President and went away comforted.

To be pitiful is to help others. Some time ago a Christian young lady was visiting a lunatic asylum, and her soul was filled with sadness and pity. She was led into a room where there was but one patient, a young girl of her own age. She was standing in the corner of the room, her face almost touching the wall. She neither looked nor spoke. It was a heart-breaking sight. "Will you speak to her?" asked the doctor. "We can do nothing with her. She has been thus for days; but one like yourself might move her." The young lady, trembling with emotion, with one cry to heaven for help, stepped forward, laid her hand on the listless form, and spoke one sentence of tender, yearning sympathy and compassion. The poor patient turned, gazed for one moment, and burst into tears. "Thank God, she may be saved!" the doctor exclaimed. The visitor could not recall the words she had used, but they had done their work. The poor, wrecked girl, who thought no one cared for her, had felt the heart that pitied her and the hand stretched out to help her. O! the power of tears! The magic of the sympathy of Christ!

The captain of a boat stood beside his craft, listening to one of half a dozen gentlemen who wished to take passage up the river with him, but who refused to do so if he allowed a poor sick man to come on board.

"Gentlemen, I have heard you. Has the sick man no representative?" he asked. There was silence, and the captain went to where the poor, emaciated invalid waited, weeping violently.

"O, sir, are you the captain? Will you take me? If I could only get home to die in my mother's arms. I am her only child."

"You shall go, if I lose every other passenger," said the captain, taking the sick one in his arms and carrying him to a sheltered place on board his boat and then preparing to start.

Suddenly, the passengers grew ashamed of themselves, and one after the other went on board the vessel.

After a little they sent for the captain to come to the cabin. A white-haired old man, with tears in his eyes, said to the sun-browned hero: "You have taught us a lesson; we beg your forgiveness. Here is a purse for the sick man."

And for the rest of the voyage they vied with each other in attentions to the invalid who had longed to get home to die in his mother's arms.

To be pitiful is to be like God. The Psalmist wrote, "Like as a Father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." Ps. 103: 13. Pastor Andrew G. Fleming, in his children's book, called "SILVER WINGS," tells of a father and mother who had a little idiot-boy, whom they tried in vain to instruct. They would tell him of the great God who made the green earth and the blue sky, the twinkling star and the little flower; but his vacant

look showed he knew nothing of it all. At other times, they spoke to him of the love of God, in sending His Son to die on the cross, to save from sin and death, and woe; yet still the vacant look was turned up to their wistful eyes. One little gleam at times lighted up his face; then, after an unsuccessful attempt to understand them, he would shake his head and say, "I'll sing you a sang yet, afore I dee." Where he had picked up the phrase nobody knew, but the little gleam of light it contained was the one star of a dark night.

The little boy sickened, and as he drew near his end, the weeping parents prayed that God would strengthen his feeble mind before he passed away. They pitied their poor boy. God pitied him too and heard their prayers and answered them in a wondrous manner.

The little boy sat up in the bed: the vacant look passed away; his eyes beamed as they never had before.

Slowly and distinctly he said:

"Waly, waly, now I see,
"Three in One, and One in Three,
"And the middle One, He died for me."

He did sing them a song before he died, a song in the night; but a night-song that told them the day had at length come. To the poor little idiot God gave a pictured view of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, a view more especially of the middle One that died for Him. Then He took him to live with Him forever, fulfilling His own Word,

"In His love and in His pity He redeemed them," Isa. 63: 9.

"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and his deed which he had given will he pay him again," Pr. 19: 17. A lady, looking out of a stage window, saw a poor barefoot boy walking along the road. She bade the driver stop, invited the little fellow in, paid his fare, gave him a little money, and cheered his heart by kind words.

Years afterward this same woman, old and poor, was walking along the same country road, feeling that God had well-nigh forsaken her. Presently a passing stage stopped, and a gentleman, alighting, helped her into it and paid her fare. He told how he, as a barefoot boy, had walked along that road and of a lady's kindness to him, which he had never forgotten.

With tears in her eyes, the old woman told him she was the lady whose kindness he had remembered all those years. The gentleman, delighted to meet her, provided for her every need, never let her want for anything, and cared for her all her life as if she had been his mother.

OUR PRAYER: Heavenly Father, make us like Thyself. Show us how to have the compassion of Jesus. Teach us to pity the poor, comfort the sorrowful, and help the suffering, for His sake, Who loved us and gave himself for us. Amen.

Twenty-First Bible B.

B Transformed.

"Be . . . transformed by the renewing of your mind." Ro. 12: 2.

"Be conformed to the image of His Son." Ro. 8: 29.

"Be renewed in the spirit of your mind." Eph. 4: 23.

Mark with a tiny red Maltese cross.

To be transformed is to be changed in nature, disposition, heart and character, Jno. 17: 22; Phil. 3: 21, R. V.

The first step in transformation is to be regenerated or born again, Jno. 3: 3, 5. Just as we are born once of earthly parents and have a human heart, so we are to be born again of the Heavenly Father and the Holy Spirit, and have a new heart, Ezk. 36: 26; 1 Co. 15: 49. One day a little boy was naughty and angry, and grieved his auntie, who had the care of him.

When night came, he knelt at her feet so sorry for his passion, and began to say,

"Now I lay me down to sleep ;"

but his auntie stopped him. "Ah, Dick," she said, "there is no help for you but a *new heart!* In no other way can you always be a good boy." He was silent for a moment, and then asked, "*Must* it

be that, auntie? Won't the old heart do if it is cleaned up a little?"

Then his auntie explained that God would give him a new heart if he would ask Him.

I read once of a little girl, only seven years old, who went to a children's meeting and heard the minister speak from the text, "Create in me a clean heart, O God," Ps. 51: 10. The Holy Spirit showed her that her heart was not clean, and she could never make it clean herself. She might wash her hands with soap and water, and make them clean; but no soap and water could reach and cleanse her heart. When the children were told to ask God for clean hearts and believe He heard them, she resolved to do it. So when she went home, she knelt down at once—not to ask Him to help her to be good, but to make her good; to take her old heart away, and give her a new, clean heart.

The next night she did not use the prayer that the minister had taught her, "Create in me a clean heart, O God."

Her mother asked her whether she had forgotten it. "Oh, no, mamma," was the answer; "but it would not be right to ask God again for a clean heart, would it? I asked Him for it last night, and He said He would do it if I asked Him; so I know He has given it to me, for He is sure to keep His promise. He can't say 'No,' can He, mamma? And I feel so clean inside it must be He has done it."

The little one was right. God cannot say "No" to any prayer offered in faith.

It does not seem an easy thing for God to change wicked people, and make them, like Himself, good and pure and beautiful, but nothing is too hard for the Lord, Jer. 32: 17.

There are some things in nature that help us to understand what it means to be thus transformed from vileness to purity, and be made partakers of the divine nature, 2 Pe. 1: 4.

Mr. Ruskin, in his "Modern Painters," tells us that black mud, type of impurity, taken from a foot-path in the outskirts of a manufacturing town is composed of four elements—*clay*, *soot*, *sand* and *water*. These four may be separated each from the other.

The *clay* particles, left to follow their own instinct of unity, become a clear, hard substance, so set that it can deal with light in a wonderful way, and gather only the loveliest blue rays, refusing the rest. So the *clay* is changed to a *sapphire*.

The *sand* arranges itself in mysterious, infinite parallel lines, which reflect the blue, green, purple and red rays in greatest beauty. So the *sand* becomes an *opal*.

The *soot* becomes the hardest thing in the world, and its blackness has the power of reflecting all the rays of the sun at once in the most vivid blaze that any solid thing can shoot. So the *soot* is transformed into a *diamond*.

The *water* becomes a *dew-drop*, and a *crystal*-

line star of snow. Knowing these things, they help to illustrate how God transforms the vilest sinner into a pure and shining jewel, and changes earthly darkness into heavenly glory.

God will transform us, if we will let Him. Dr. Clemance tells how he was climbing a mountain in the Alpine range. By and by they came upon snow and ice, and it was intensely cold. But higher up, where he had thought it would be colder still, he found beautiful flowers blooming. He said,

“How is this? Down yonder are ice and snow; up here are these exquisite flowers.” The secret was, that this part of the mountain had a southern aspect, and faced the sun, while the other was turned from it.

So it is with ourselves. When our hearts are turned toward Christ, who is the Sun of righteousness, the source of all goodness and beauty, our lives are full of the blossoms of love and kindness. But when our affections are turned from Him to such cold things as money, and fame, and pleasure, we bear no beautiful flowers of goodness.

“ However dark the day,
 However bright,
My plants upon the window ledge
 Turn to the light;
The stems, the leaves, the bracts,
 Seem well to know
The certain principle of life
 By which they grow.

“ How strange it is that I,
 With active mind,

And soul that pain or pleasure feels,
Not seldom find
My heart turned quite away
From life and light,
And often for itself doth make
A gloomy night.

“ When floods of sunshine stream
Across my way,
Or clouds of sorrow come to mark
The passing day,
Still teach me, O, my plants,
Dark days or bright,
To stand as ye, with hopeful face,
Turned to the light.”

A minister who has traveled in the East says
“The Mediterranean is as blue as can be painted
or described. We have found what gave these
waters their exquisite hue. The cause is as simple
as it is beautiful, and full of instruction. It all
comes from the clear, blue sky above. It is just
the reflection of the heavens upon the calm bosom
of the sea; and as those skies are clearer and bluer
than ours, so those waters give back the glory
they receive.

“Would we have in our lives the heavenly
glory, we also must receive it from above. Our
holiness is just the reflection of His face. The
Mediterranean is nearer the central zone and
under the more direct reflection of the sun and
sky, and so it receives the light of a brighter sky.
So the nearer we come to the centre of His Pres-
ence, the more richly will we reflect the glory of
His life and light.”

The Bible tells us that God hath shined in

our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, and we with unveiled face, reflecting as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, 2 Co. 4: 6; 3: 18. We become like those we reflect. To stand constantly in Christ's presence is to mirror His character.

If He shines in our hearts, His light will shine in our faces. Moses turned his eyes away from the royal palace and in the desert endured as "seeing Him who is invisible." Heb. 11: 27. And in the mount with God He reflected His glory, and when he came down to the people his face shone with the light of heaven. Ex. 34: 29.

Saul, breathing out threatening and slaughter, caught one glimpse of this glory and was changed into a trembling, obedient disciple. Acts 9: 1, 6. Gazing steadily into that thorn-crowned face he was transformed from a zealous persecutor to a crucified saint, 1 Ti. 1: 13, 15.

George Muller, in his boyhood, was a deceitful, ambitious, pleasure-loving thief. But gazing into the face of Christ he has reflected His image until he stands before the world to-day an example of humble, self-sacrificing trust.

A beautiful statue of a Greek slave-girl stood in a certain market place. A ragged, forlorn child of poverty passed that way one day, and stood looking up at the figure in rapt admiration. Going home she washed her face and hands and combed her untidy hair. Again she stood by the statue

and that day returning she washed and mended her soiled, torn garments. Each time she studied the form that held such a mysterious attraction for her it suggested some change in her circumstances, until she grew like the statue she gazed upon. So if the sinner will gaze at the crucified Christ, he will find his rags of poverty changed for robes of righteousness, and his wild, wicked walk changed to a way of pleasantness and peace.

OUR PRAYER: Heavenly Father, help us day by day to gaze steadily at our Jesus in loving admiration and intense longing. Help us to go often alone and think of His glory, and study His character. Help us to imitate His virtues and regard all things in the light of His glory. Help us to shun what He condemns, enjoy what He permits, and love as He loves, until that day when we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. Amen.

Twenty-Second Bible B.

B A Blessing.

"I will bless thee, and thou shalt be a blessing." Gen. 12:2.

"Ye shall be a blessing." Zech. 8:13.

"Be....a blessing in the midst of the land." Isa. 19:24.

"Be blessings forever." Ps. 21:6, Marg.

Mark with a red line.

To be a blessing is to make others happy, to give others pleasure, to be good and do good. There are many little ways in which we can "be a blessing," after we have heard God say to us, as He did to Abraham, "I will bless thee."

The writing of a letter has many times been blessed to the salvation of a soul.

A wild, reckless young man, who was leading a most desperate life, ran away from his home in Scotland. He left a godly father and mother, to whom he never wrote.

Years after, returning home, he found his father was dead. Sobered, but only for a time, he again became a disgrace to his family, and his Christian mother told him he must leave home. She longed for his salvation, but he would not allow her to speak about Christ; so she packed his box for him, and he went away to London.

On the morning of his fourth day in the great

city, while putting on a clean pair of socks, he felt something hard in the toe of one of them. He took it off to see what the matter was and discovered a folded piece of paper.

Opening it he found a letter from his mother—a tear-stained letter. He would not let her speak to him of Christ, but he could not prevent her writing to him. And with quick wit, she had put the letter where he would be sure to find it. A most touching letter it was. It read, “My boy, you have wandered far, but you are not beyond the reach of God’s grace, for He says: ‘Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth,’ and you are not beyond that yet.”

Aroused to his sad condition, the young man burst into tears and then and there looked unto Christ and was saved.

I read once how the giving of a S. S. paper was used by the Lord to save a drunkard.

A man entered a minister’s study, with a child’s paper in his hand. There were tears in his eyes as he said, brokenly:

“We had a little girl in our home about four years old; she died about three months ago. The light in my life went out. I’ve spread it ever since, My wife begged me to go to church, but I told her the church was a sham, though when I was small my mother used to take me. Well, I was standing on the street corner, thinking, ‘shall I go home or go on a spree?’ when a little, girl with this paper in her hand, stepped up to me and said:

"If you went to my Sunday school, see what a pretty paper they would give you! Don't you want mine?"

"Oh, sir," sobbed the man, "it was so unexpected that it seemed, for the instant, that it was my own little one, and I heard her sweet voice again. I took the paper and my eyes fell on the words, 'He died for you.' My pride is broken, my heart is sore; won't you tell me about Jesus?"

Kind words seem like a cheap gift, but they are always a blessing.

A poor, ragged boy came to a wealthy home where the crape on the door told that a precious daughter was lying still and cold in death. He held in his hand a few early violets which he had walked a long distance over mountains to obtain,

"Be you Annie's mother?" he said.

"Yes," was the low answer.

"I brought these flowers to put on her coffin."

"What made you bring them?"

"She always said, 'Good morning,' and she never called me 'Ragged Tom,' like the other girls. Will you put them on her coffin?"

"Yes, and in her hand, too, my boy."

"Could I see Annie, just a moment?"

"Yes, come in."

He looked intently at the sweet face, then took another half-blown flower from his pocket and laid it in her golden hair. He went out softly and they buried her with the spring violet just where he had placed it.

God will use a kind hand as an instrument of blessing. "When Paul laid his hands on them, the Holy Spirit came on them." Ac. 19:6. "God wrought....by the hands of Paul." Ac. 19:11. The hand is the symbol of power. God uses it as an instrument of blessing to others.

Mrs. J. K. Barney, stepping from a S. C. steamer to the dock in New York, heard a rough voice shout, "Hello," and saw a drayman beckoning to her.

"Did you speak to me?" she asked.

"Yes'm, I see you've got on a white ribbon and I took a pledge of a white ribbon woman 'leven months ago, and she said I could speak to 'em, but I guess there ain't many, for you're the first one I've seen."

He drew his pledge from his pocket, black and worn. "I've looked at it ev'ry day and kept it right straight 'long, sure. The little woman and the young ones could tell you about it."

"Do you pray?"

"No, but the little woman does enough of that for all of us."

"Do you go to church?"

"No, but the folks do."

A few words of counsel and encouragement, then his hand was held out and clasped the light-gloved one.

"Thank ye, marm."

"God bless you and the little woman and the children," she said and turned to go.

Looking back she saw he was eyeing her wistfully. "Can I do anything for you?" he asked.

"Yes, will you?"

"*Anything.*"

"Go to church next Sunday with the little woman and the children."

"Oh, dear," with a sigh, "I wish you had asked anything else." But after a little urging the promise was given and again her hand clasped the big black one. Hastening on she heard her name called eagerly. Three of her traveling companions, who did not believe in the temperance cause, had heard it all. One of them said, "Will you give me that light glove of yours? It will not be of much use to you."

Then Mrs. Barney noticed how, inside and out, her glove was black. The ladies each took a card of membership to the W. C. T. U. and a knot of white ribbon. "It is true, what you told us," they said, "and we want to begin and *help.*" O the power of a redeemed right hand stretched out to save!

If we are to be like Jesus we must seek to be a blessing to the wicked as well as to the good, to those who hate us as well as to those who love us.

A friend of mine has a blind boy who has always been patient and loving in all his affliction.

One day the family moved to a village where the minister's son, Sam, was the talk of the boys of the town, because he was so wild and reckless. At last he was discharged from the public school

in disgrace. When Eddie, the blind boy, heard that Sam had been expelled his heart ached for him, and he persuaded his mother to send for him.

"I'm so glad you've come," Eddie said, holding out his hand.

Sam went toward him. He had meant to trip him up the first thing; but the sight of his pale, pinched face and blind eyes made him feel strange.

"Mamma, may we go out under the tree?" Eddie asked.

One moment the mother hesitated, then she led him out on the green grass, and went away and left them.

"Sam," said the blind boy, "may I put my hand over your face so I'll know how you look? I love you, I want you for my best friend."

"You're green. Wait till they tell you who I am, and you won't love me," he answered, not moving.

"I do know, and I do love you, and I do want you."

"I don't understand."

"Jesus loved me and forgave me when I was bad. I love you. I want you to let Him love you and forgive you."

Sam was twelve years old. His mother had died in his babyhood. His father was a stern, silent man. The lad had been whipped and scolded and shut in his room, and deprived of meals, and expelled from school, but not even his own father had said to him: "I love you; Jesus

loves you; let Him forgive you." His heart had grown hard and bitter. He could not remember when he had shed a tear.

Once more the blind boy asked gently:

"May I put my hand over your face?"

Then Sam threw himself beside Eddie in a passion of weeping, and said:

"You may do anything. Nobody ever loved me before. I love you."

The weeks went by. It was decided that Eddie go to an institution for the blind in a distant city. The day he left Sam met him at the train. As he bade him good-bye he whispered:

"If you had not been kind to me, I should never have been a Christian."

Not long after Eddie received a letter from his mother, in which she said:

"Sam used to be the worst boy in the village, and now he is the best. Everybody loves him. He speaks and prays in the children's meetings. and is such a help in the revival his father is having."

Eddie remembered his friend's last words as he left the depot, and down on his knees, with happy tears, he thanked God for making him a blessing.

To be a blessing is to be blessed ourselves.

A mother asked her little girl to carry a bouquet to a sick friend. She started off and playfully said:

"I shall get the best of it."

And she did. All the fragrance and beauty were hers while she carried the flowers.

We always get the best of it when we are kind. The pleasure we give returns to us like the perfume of flowers.

OUR PRAYER: Heavenly Father, bless us and make us a blessing for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Twenty-Third Bible B.

B Subject.

"Be subject," Tit. 3: 1.

"Be subject to the judgment of God." Ro. 3: 19, Marg.

"Be subject one to another." 1 Pe. 5: 5.

"Let every soul be subject to the higher powers." Ro. 13: 1.

Underline with blue.

A subject is one who is under the authority, dominion, control, or influence of another.

To be subject is to be obedient, submissive, yielding, tractable, and easily governed. Those who are subject are not stubborn, not perverse, not restive, not rebellious, and not defiant.

Yesterday a friend of mine said to me: "Have you written B Obedient yet?" "Yes," I replied, "that was written some days ago." Then she said, "An acquaintance of mine bought MORNING GLORIES for her little boy, and he is so pleased with it, but there is nothing in it about children being obedient; and he is such a nice little boy, but he rules the house."

"Well," I replied, "I will write a chapter and call it 'B Subject.'" So that is the reason I have chosen this Bible B.

It is not a bit nice for children to "rule the house." That was not the way Jesus did. When

He was twelve years old and knew He was the Son of God, He would have been glad to have stayed in Jerusalem about His heavenly Father's business. But His parents did not understand Him, so, "He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was *subject* unto them," Lu. 2: 51.

One cannot know how to rule unless he has first learned to obey.

God has put the father and mother over the children, and made the husband the head of the house, and the magistrate the head of the people. When we are subject, we show that we have faith in the wisdom of God and know that all things work together for good to them that love Him, Ro. 8: 28.

Priscilla A. Richards wrote a story about her cat that taught me this lesson. She said: "An amusing incident occurred this fall, when we moved from Pine Hill to the city, which will make the annual breaking up memorable to each member of our family.

"We had been in a rush all the morning, doing last things, and by quarter of eleven our country home was in readiness for the winter. Windows and doors had been securely fastened, and our trunks were piled on the wagon.

"A loud 'Ahem!' from the driver, and the suggestive words, 'Not much time to spare, ma'am, if you're going to catch the noon train,' warned us that we must not linger.

"As we were ready to start, Jennie took up

the cat's basket to see if old Maltby was all right. What was her astonishment to find the cover loose and the cat gone! Jennie was positive she had put Maltby in his basket, and had left it in the hall, to be taken out with the satchels. 'If I had labeled the basket CAT,' she murmured, 'that countryman would have known something was wrong when he found it empty.'

"The children were heart-broken at the thought of leaving their favorite kitty. 'We must search the house,' father said. 'It would be horrible to leave a cat shut up in this lonely place.'

"Sending the trunk-wagon on we jumped out, unlocked the front door, and, scattering, hunted wildly for the missing cat. Suddenly Jennie shouted, 'Come quick! quick!' Rushing to her room, we beheld, hanging from the bed, between the mattress and feather tick, a gray cat's tail! The children danced with delight over Maltby's cuteness.

"But poor Maltby did not consider it a laughing matter. He looked sheepish as he was dragged out, and hurried into his basket.

"The cunning old fellow knew what it meant when that basket was brought from the garret. Two winters in the city were enough for him, and he had no desire to spend another there. Forcing open the cover, he had slipped up stairs and, squirming into her bed, supposed we would go without him.

"We held his basket all the way to the station,

and tried to comfort him by telling him that he should come back next summer, but he was a crestfallen cat, and, I'm afraid, will never forgive himself that he did not find a hiding-place where his tail would be covered, too!"

Pussy could not know that to have stayed behind in the empty house would have been to be lonesome, hungry, cold, and finally to die of starvation.

We do not always know why God asks us to be subject to some people, and sometimes it does not look as if it would be a bit nice to obey, but if we are ever again tempted to think that any command of God is hard and unkind, let us remember the cat who would have died if he had not been found and compelled to submit.

To be subject is to be submissive to the will of God. Two ladies were talking earnestly. One had lost a dear little babe, and had been at first submissive to what God had permitted. But as time went on she lost the restful feeling and feared she would never be happy again.

"Why not be submissive in the little things?" said her friend.

"For instance?" asked the lady.

"For instance, in the case of worry this morning."

"What! say 'Thy will be done,' when John forgets to post a letter?"

"Why not? It was a trial*that cost you a day's peace. You were unkind to John, and he

was bearish to you. You think a kiss will make it up, but every such scene injures the bond of love."

"And would you say 'Thy will be done,' when Bridget burns the bread or little Jack plays truant?"

"I would indeed. Why not surrender our lives in the many little ways in which our wills are crossed, and yield to God? We should then receive His constant inflowing."

"But," said the other, "there are so many things that are wrong, unjust, unfair. Ought we to submit to the wrong?"

"We ought to let God work in us to heal the wrong. By submission we allow Him to come into our hearts, and work; but by anger and opposition we let badness in, and His indwelling becomes more and more impossible. Our Father gives Himself in every form for our use. Let us use Him in our daily life to be our patience, and long-suffering, and to endure our little trials for us."

To be subject, is to be teachable; easily influenced to do what is right, and willing to be guided by God and good people. E. P. Hammond tells of a gay party who started to climb to the top of Mt. Washington, six thousand feet high. As they were leaving the hotel, the proprietor urged them to take a guide.

"We do not wish a guide," they said, "we are determined to find our own way. We will follow the path and soon reach the 'Tiptop House,'"

"But you may get lost," said the hotel-keeper. "Rather than have you go alone, I will send a guide with you for nothing."

"No, we won't have him; we want to astonish our friends."

"But it is dangerous."

"We are strong, and will risk it."

"Suppose you find yourself in a snow-storm, what would the ladies do?"

One of them laughed, and said: "That would be nice. A snow-storm in summer; I hope we *shall* see one."

And so they started for Mt. Washington. On they went, gay as larks, till they saw a white cloud above them. Up, up they went into it.

"Isn't this fun?" said one and another. And so it was, for a time; but the snow became so deep they could not see the path. Then the fun was ended and they thought of the words of the hotel proprietor.

"Oh! how I wish we had a guide!" said one.

"It's too late to go for him; we must find our way alone," said another. And so they struggled on.

Darkness came, and they were lost!

It was dreadfully cold and they sank in the snow and waited for daylight to show the way. In the morning the storm had cleared and the keepers of the "Tiptop House," looking out, saw, about a stone's throw off, the half-buried party. It was too late to save one young lady, who had *frozen to*

death during that awful night, because she, with the rest, had said "*We don't want a guide.*"

How foolish they were not to accept the guide! But suppose they had taken him, and he had lost his life just as he had got them all safe in the warm hotel, how would the party have felt toward him? Jesus, who is "the child's Guide to Heaven," had to die on the cross before He could lead sinful children to Heaven. My little friend, He died that God might forgive *your* sins. And now He is ready to take you through the journey of life to the Golden City. Will you trust Him and submit to Him?

To be subject is to be happy. The Book says, "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." Jno. 13: 17.

In the Child's Hour a lady tells how she went one evening to call on a friend and heard her say to her little daughter: "It is your bedtime, dear; my little girl must go to bed early, and then she will be bright for her lessons to-morrow."

The little girl was sitting in her papa's easy-chair, holding a large doll, brushing its hair and smoothing its clothes.

"What a dear dollie! How pretty her hair is, and how becomingly she is dressed!" the lady said. The little girl was pleased and began telling her about the doll.

"Not to-night, little one," she said. "Didn't I hear mamma say it was her little girl's bed-time?"

The mother began talking to her friend, while

the little girl went on fixing dollie for the night.

Then the child slid slowly out of the big chair, gave her mamma three long, sweet kisses, with a pleasant good-night for all, and with dollie hugged tightly in her arms, went soberly upstairs. In a few moments they heard her singing a soft lullaby to her baby.

Very likely the little girl could not have told what made her feel like singing; but it was because, instead of fretting over not being allowed to sit up she had cheerfully submitted to her mother's wishes.

OUR PRAYER—

“O God, take the reins of my life;
I have driven it blindly to left and to right,
In the blaze of the sun and the black of the night;
O God, take the reins of my life!

“For I am so weary and weak,
My hands are a-quiver and so is my heart,
And my eyes are too tired for the tear-drops to
start,
While I am all weary and weak.

“But thou wilt be peace, wilt be power,
Thy hand on the reins and Thine eyes on the way,
Shall be wisdom to guide and controlling to stay;
And my life, in that hour,
Shall be led into rest when it comes to obey;
For Thou wilt be peace and all power.”

Twenty-Fourth Bible B.

B Ready.

Mark B Ready with a gold cross, and draw a yellow line under the other texts.

The motto of a German commentator is a good one for us all : "Always to *be ready*."

There are four texts on B Ready that you will enjoy :

I. "*Be ready* in the morning." Ex. 34: 2.

Promptness is a virtue it were worth while to cultivate.

Before you sleep at night ask the Lord to waken you in the morning, Isa. 50: 4, in time to get ready for the day's duties.

Before you get up ask Him to work in you that day "to will and to do of His good pleasure." Phil. 2: 13.

As you dress ask Him to help you not to idle away time in building air-castles, Eph. 5: 16, nor waste it in needless chatting, Eph. 5: 4. R. V., but that you may arrange your toilet and care for your room quickly and quietly, 1 Th. 4: 11, and be ready for closet prayer, ready for breakfast, ready for family prayers, ready for errands, ready for school, ready for business, ready for church.

II. "*Be ready* to every good work," Tit. 3: 1. Be prepared for what you are about to do; equipped with what is needed for the work; willing, free, inclined, disposed, Ac. 21: 13, first clause.

III. "*Be ready* always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you." 1 Pe. 3: 15. A little girl, nine years old, went one day into Pastor Arthur T. Pierson's study, to talk with him about joining the church. He held out his hand to her and said, "Glad to see you, Annie; you have come to seek the Lord?"

"No, sir," she replied, quickly.

"Oh! I hoped you had."

"No, I have found Him."

"How do you know?"

"Because He said so."

"Said what?"

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Jno. 6: 37.

"But how does that tell you that you have found Jesus?"

"Why I know I've come, so I know He has not cast me out."

Little Annie was ready to give an answer why Jesus had saved her.

IV. "*Be ye also ready*; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh," Mat. 24: 44; Lu. 12 40.

When Jesus went away He left word that He was coming back again sometime Jno. 14: 1-3;

but He did not tell us when ; He only told us to be ready.

One summer, Pastor A. J. Gordon was living in the country with his family. Summoned suddenly to the city on important business, he said to his children, "Good-bye ; I may be back to-morrow or Wednesday, or Thursday, or Friday, or Saturday ; I will come as soon as I can."

He did not get back until Saturday, but found his children at the station waiting for him with delight and welcome. When he reached home his wife said : "Every afternoon when the train was due the children came to be washed and dressed and made ready to meet you, saying, 'Papa may come to-day.'"

If they had not been looking for their father day by day, he would probably have found them with dirty faces and spotted garments.

If we are not looking for Jesus and expecting Him to come at any moment, we will be apt to let our garments become spotted with sin.

Let us always keep them clean, that when Jesus comes, He may find us "not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing ; but....holy and without blemish," Eph. 5 : 27.

Those who are not ready when Jesus comes, cannot go to meet Him. They will be left behind. One evening, at family worship, a gentleman read 1 Th. 4. The last verses about the Lord's coming impressed him. That night he dreamed that when wakened in the morning his wife was not beside

him. He waited for her to come, but she did not, and he rose and dressed. He went to his daughter's room and found that she, too, was missing.

Then he went to his son's room, and told him of the absence of his mother and sister, and asked him to see if he could not find them. The young man looked through every room; then returned and said: "They are not in the house, and every outside door is locked."

Then each decided to go in a different direction and visit the homes of intimate friends in search of their dear ones. To their surprise and dismay in almost every home they found a trouble similar to their own. Almost every one was searching for missing ones. The streets were thronged with excited people hurrying to and fro, many of them weeping bitterly

After a fruitless search the father and son started for their place of business. Many stores were closed, and those that were open not doing any business.

Reaching their store, they found the book-keeper and the faithful old porter missing. Then the father went to the Chamber of Commerce and found a large gathering of merchants. But instead of the usual lively bustle, a solemn gloom pervaded the assembly. They voted to allow three days' grace on all contracts falling due that day.

All agreed that the visitation was a super-

natural one, and that they who were left were blameable.

In the evening nearly every church was open, with overflowing congregations. Everybody was anxious to know the meaning of the "great visitation." Many of the pastors had gone, but some were in their churches

In their own church, the father and son found their pastor present, and scores whom they had rarely seen at meeting. Some were weeping over the loss of children, others of husbands, of wives, of fathers and mothers. The pastor was speaking when they entered, begging the audience to allay their feelings. He said, "None of you can know my disappointment at this result of my labors. I am accused of having preached too much about the affairs of this life, and too little about the things to come, and of having kept you in ignorance of the nearness of this awful visitation. I can only say that I taught the same theology that was taught me in college; but I was sadly mistaken, for now I see God's Word means just what it says." Here the electric light suddenly went out, and there arose such fearful screams that the gentleman sprang to his feet in terror and awoke.

Oh, how glad he was to know that it was all a dream! But the more he thought about it, the more solemn seemed its truth, and the more he was impressed with the importance of being ready for the coming of the Lord.

To be ready for Jesus' coming is to do noth-

ing to-day you would not do if you knew he were coming tomorrow.

A lady said to John Wesley, "Supposing you knew you were to die at twelve to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?"

"Why, just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach this evening at Gloucester, and again at five to-morrow morning; after that I should ride to Tewkesbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the societies in the evening. I should then go to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my room at ten o'clock, and wake up in glory."

Pastor Spurgeon said once, "If the Lord Jesus were to come to-day, I should like him to find me studying, or praying, or preaching."

One day he called on one of his members and found her cleaning the front steps. She rose in confusion and said, "Oh dear, sir, I did not know you were coming to-day or I would have been ready." Pastor Spurgeon answered, "Dear friend, you could not be in better trim than you are; you are doing your duty like a good housekeeper, and may God bless you."

Those who are ready love His appearing, 2 Ti. 4:8.

"What can I do for Jesus?" little Alice asked her mother.

"You can love Him," was the answer.

"I do that," said the child, "I love Him, and that makes me ask."

"How do you know you love Him?" asked her mother.

"Because I feel a cry in my eyes when I think of Him, as I do for my papa off in India."

The child loved her father, and when they talked about him her eyes would grow moist and she would lay her head on her mother's bosom and weep. If we are "ready" there is a cry in our eyes when we think that Jesus is absent.

We love His will, His Word, His work, *Himself*, better than all else. We "love His appearing" and long for His presence, and pray often, "Amen, come, Lord Jesus." Re. 22:20.

OUR PRAYER: Lord Jesus, help us to be ready to do what Thou askest of us, and be ready for Thy coming; and, oh, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Amen.

Twenty-Fifth Bible B.

B Mindful.

"Be ye mindful always of His covenant." 1 Ch. 16:15.

"He will ever be mindful of His covenant." Ps. 111:5.

"Be mindful of the words which were spoken before by the holy prophets." 2 Pe. 3:2.

Mark with a blue B. M.

To be mindful is to be thoughtful, regardful, attentive, heedful, and observant.

It is to recall, to remember. A little colored girl was in disgrace and in solitary confinement in her room, because of disobedience. As her kind-hearted mistress came to speak with her about her offense, the child said :

"Missus, won't you please 'member me of this time when I'm gwin to do it again?" She felt sure she would never be disobedient again if in the hour of temptation her mistress would remind her of how she suffered in being punished for her sin.

If we will ask Jesus, He will help us to be mindful of how sad it is to forget His covenant, and sin, and then have to suffer.

To be "mindful of his covenant" we must know the Bible. And to know the Bible we must

read it every day, Deu. 17: 19, and study it every day, Ac. 17: 11, and love it, Ps. 119: 97.

The first thing to learn in the study of God's Word is the books of the Bible. Here they are in rhyme :

"In Genesis the world was made by God's creative hand.
In Exodus the Hebrews marched to gain the promised land.
Leviticus contains the law, holy and just and good.
Numbers records the tribes enrolled—all sons of Abraham's blood.

"Moses in Deuteronomy records God's mighty deeds.
Brave Joshua into Canaan the host of Israel leads.
In Judges their rebellion oft provokes the Lord to smite;
But Ruth records the faith of one well-pleasing in His sight.

"In First and Second Samuel of Jesse's son we read.
Ten tribes in First and Second Kings revolted from his seed.
The First and Second Chronicles see Judah captive made,
But Ezra leads a remnant back by princely Cyrus' aid.

"The city walls of Zion Nehemiah builds again.
While Esther saves her people from plot of wicked men.
In Job we read how faith will live beneath affliction's rod;
And David's Psalms are precious songs to every child of God.

"The Proverbs, like a goodly string of choicest pearls, appear.
Ecclesiastes teaches man how vain all things are here.
The mystic Song of Solomon exalts sweet Sharon's rose;
While Christ, the Savior and the King, the rapt Isaiah shows.

"The warning Jeremiah apostate Israel scorns;
His plaintive Lamentations then their awful downfall mourns.
Ezekiel tells in wondrous words of dazzling mysteries;
While kings and empires yet to come Daniel in vision sees.

"Of judgment and of mercy Hosea loves to tell;
Joel describes the blessed days when God with men shall dwell.
Among Tekoa's herdsmen Amos received his call;
While Obediah prophesies of Edom's final fall.

"Jonah enshrines a wondrous type of Christ, our risen Lord.
Micah pronounces Judah lost—lost, but again restored
Nahum declares on Nineveh just judgment shall be poured.

"A view of Chaldea's coming doom Habakkuk's visions give;
Next Zephaniah warns the Jews to turn, repent and live.
Haggai wrote to those who saw the Temple built again,
And Zachariah prophesied of Christ's triumphant reign.

"Malachi was the last who touched the high prophetic chord;
Its final notes sublimely show the coming of the Lord.

"Matthew and Mark, and Luke and John the Holy Gospel wrote,
Describing how the Savior died—His life, and all He taught.
Acts shows the Holy Spirit's work with signs in every place;
And Paul in Romans teaches us how man is saved by grace.

"The Apostle in Corinthians instructs, exhorts, reproves.
Galatians shows that faith in Christ is what the Father loves.
Ephesians and Philippians tell what Christians ought to be;
Colossians bids us live to God and for eternity.

"In Thessalonians we are taught the Lord will come from heaven.
In Timothy and Titus a pastor's rule is given.
Philemon makes a Christian's love, which only Christians know.
Hebrews reveals the gospel prefigured by the law.

"James teaches without holiness faith is but vain and dead;
And Peter points the narrow way in which the saints are led.
John in his three epistles on love delights to dwell;
And Jude gives awful warning of judgment, wrath and hell.
The Revelation prophesies of that tremendous day
When Christ—and Christ alone—shall be the trembling sinner's stay."

If you will learn perfectly two lines each day,
you will find that at the end of a month you will
know every book in the Bible, and the exact order
in which it comes.

Catherine Booth, the mother of the great Salvation Army, used to learn her first lessons out of the Bible. When a child of five, she would stand on a footstool at her mother's side and read from the sacred page. Before she was twelve years old she had read the Book through eight times, from cover to cover.

To the end of her life she had this same intense love for the Holy Bible, and her last gift to each member of her family was a Bible, in which, with great difficulty and in much pain, she traced her name and the words, "The last token of a mother's love."

We who have our own Bibles and love them dearly cannot appreciate how sad it would be not to have one.

The *Bible Reader* tells us that in the archives of the British and Foreign Bible society is a copy of the New Testament whose production was a labor of love. It is all written by hand, but not elegantly done, the crude, cramped writing showing the toilsome patience of one not used to the pen.

This singular volume is the work of a poor Irish laborer, whose education was better than his advantages, and whose thirst for the Word of God conquered every difficulty to obtain it. He lived in the day when copies of the Bible were exceedingly rare. He learned that one of his neighbors, a country gentleman, owned a copy of the New Testament in Irish, and went to ask the loan of the book.

"What would you do with it, my man?" said the gentleman, kindly, in surprise.

"I would rade it, sir! an' if ye'd let me 'ave it that long I'd write it off, an' be kapin' a copy o' me own."

"Why, how could you possibly do it?"

"I can rade and write, sir."

"But where would you get the paper?"

"I would buy it, sir."

"And pen and ink?"

"Faith, I'd buy them, too, sir."

"But you have no convenience to do such work. How will you manage that?"

"Where there is a will there's a way. Maybe your honor wouldn' be willing to lend the book."

"Well, really, my man, I don't know where I could get another copy, and I should feel reluctant to let the volume go out of my house, especially for so long a time."

The poor peasant was disappointed. But he made one more appeal.

"Beg pardon, yer honor, but if ye'd jist allow me to sit in yer hall, I cud come up when my wurruk's done and write it off in the avenings."

The gentleman granted his request, and for months a candle and a place in his hall were allowed the poor man, till he had copied every word of the New Testament.

Years afterward a Testament was presented to the Christian peasant, when he gave up his manuscript copy to the Foreign Bible Society, and they have kept it as a relic.

Years ago, in Bohemia, in Austria, a law was passed that every Bible in the hands of the people should be given to the priests to be burned.

Those who loved the Book sought for ways and means to save it. One day the priests were

on their rounds, searching for Bibles. Mrs. Schebolt was told by a neighbor that a priest would soon be at her house. It was baking-day, and a great batch of dough was on the table. She took her Bible, wrapped it neatly in a paper, put it in the centre of a mass of dough, placed it in her largest bread-tin, and set it in the oven to bake. The priest came and searched carefully through the house, but could not find the Bible. All he saw as he opened the oven door was a big loaf of bread baking.

When the search was over, and the danger past, the Bible was taken out of the bread and found to be uninjured. It is now 150 years old, and is preserved with care by the descendants of the woman who loved it so much.

If we are mindful of His covenant we shall not only love the Book, but live it, and that will make us thoughtful of others.

A ragged woman was crossing the corner of a public park in a certain city where the children of the poor play, many of them barefoot. A burly policeman stationed on the corner watched the woman suspiciously. Half-way across, she stopped and picked up something which she hid in her apron.

Soon the policeman was by her side. In a gruff voice he demanded, "What are you carrying off in your apron?" The woman was confused, and did not answer. Then the officer, thinking she had picked up a pocket-book, threatened to

arrest her, unless she told him what she had in her apron.

The woman opened her apron and showed a handful of broken glass. In wonder, the policeman asked, "What do you want with that stuff?"

A flush passed over the woman's face; then she said simply, "If you please sir, I thought I'd like to take it out of the way of the children's feet."

The poor woman, mindful of the children, was mindful of the Lord's covenant; for Jesus loves and cares for the children; but the policeman forgot the Lord's covenant, for the Book says, be kind, be courteous, be patient, be pitiful, be a blessing, be mindful, and he was none of these.

Years ago I read about a little fellow who, hurrying along the street, stopped a second, then went back quickly and picked up a banana-skin and threw it into a refuse-barrel. "Somebody else might have slipped on it," he said, and was off again.

Many a time since then have I picked up a banana-skin, or an orange-peel, from the sidewalk and thrown it into the gutter, thinking of the little boy, and saying to myself, "Somebody might slip on it." His being mindful of others has reminded me to be thoughtful too.

OUR PRAYER: Blessed Lord, we want to be mindful of Thy covenant and thoughtful of others. We thank Thee for the Holy Bible.

Twenty-Sixth Bible B.

B Quiet.

"Whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil." Pr. 1: 33.

"Fear thou not....be quiet." Jer. 30: 10.

"Be quiet....rest, and be still." Jer. 47: 6.

"Be quiet; fear not, neither be faint hearted." Isa. 7: 4.

"Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven." Ps. 107: 30.

"Study to be quiet." 1 Th. 4: 11.

"Be still." Ps. 4: 4.

"Be silent." Isa. 23: 2, Marg.

"Peace, be still." Mk. 4: 39.

"Be still, and know that I am God." Ps. 46: 10.

Draw a blue line under BE QUIET and BE STILL.

To be quiet is to be still, hushed, calm, unruffled, undisturbed, peaceful, mild and gentle.

There is an old proverb, "A still tongue makes a wise head."

"Study to be quiet," in the Revised Version, reads: "Be ambitious to be quiet." Desire to be still. Endeavor to be calm. Cultivate the art of stillness. Take things as they come.

If tempted to utter angry, impatient, hasty words, then is the time to "study to be quiet."

A wife went into the sick room of her husband. "Turn up the gas," he said; and after a moment added, "Hurry, won't you, please."

"Don't be in such a fret; I'm doing it as fast

as I can," the wife answered angrily, and turned to the bed to see what he wanted.

But the eyes she looked into gave back no answering glance. The lips she frantically pressed would never ask another favor.

He had said, "Hurry, won't you, please?" feeling that he was dying. And she had answered his last request angrily. Ah! had she been quiet then, she would have spared herself hours of agony.

If tempted to speak unkind words about another, then is the time to "study to be quiet."

There is an association of young people called, "The Tongue-Guard Society." Each member pledges to give one penny into the treasury every time he or she speaks a word against another. Their motto is:

" If aught good thou canst not say
Of thy brother, foe, or friend,
Take thou then the silent way,
Lest in word thou should'st offend."

If tempted to speak ungraciously or irritatingly to another, then is the time to "study to be quiet."

"Mary," said a mistress, as she heard a door creaking, "Shut that kitchen door. It creaks intolerably. Then put some oil on every hinge in the house."

The girl, muttering, put down her tray and left the room.

Turning to a friend, the mistress said, in a complaining tone, "What a plague servants are!

You have no idea what I have to put up with. I feel as if I should be driven out of my mind. I have made three changes in three months."

"May I give you a little advice?" said her friend.

"Most willingly. Any help will be thankfully received."

"Might you not use the remedy you have just given your servant?"

"I do not understand you."

"I was thinking of the oil you told her to put on the hinges."

"So you think I might use a little! But how am I like a door?"

"Use a softer voice. Go over your words with the oil of love, and you will obtain more astounding results than your servant will by oiling the hinges."

A blush rose to the cheek of the mistress, but she said: "Many thanks for your words. The remedy is simple; I will study to oil my words."

After that she spoke mildly and lovingly to her servants, and had no more such trouble with them.

"Nothing's gained by worrying,
By hurrying
And scurrying.
With fretting and with flurrying
The temper's often lost;
And in pursuit of some small prize
We rush ahead, and are not wise,
And find the hurried exercise
A fearful price has cost.

" 'Tis better far to join the throng
That do their duty right along.
Calm and serene in heart and nerve,
Their strength is always in reserve,
And nobly stands each test;
And every day and all about
By scenes within, and scenes without,
We can discern, with ne'er a doubt,
That quiet ways are best."

Pansy tells a story of two little girls who learned the lesson of this poem.

"Oh, dear!" said Emma.

"I think as much," said Laura, pouting. It was all because in a lovely wood they had come miles to find, there was a picnic party filling the boats, the swings, the croquet grounds, the nice, cosy sitting-places under spreading trees, and swarming everywhere.

Emma and Laura wanted that grove for *their* picnic, and the people to attend it were mother and father, and Baby Joe, and their two selves.

"Never mind," said mother. "Our party is small; we can find a pleasant place elsewhere."

But the girls didn't believe it, and they spoiled the ride by fretting. They found a lovely old tree, and, near it, a stream of water. "Oh, oh," they both said, "Father, do please stop here!"

But father had been looking at the sky, and he shook his head. "It wouldn't be safe, girls. There is a storm coming. We must drive to a place of shelter. Little Joe must not get a wetting."

Then Emma and Laura grew so wise! They were sure it wasn't going to rain a drop; and when

father said they must try to reach the village, and eat their lunch at a hotel, these unhappy girls were miserable.

They sulked and refused to look at certain pretty sights which mother pointed out. At the hotel they wanted no dinner, and tossed their heads and looked injured. They went for a walk, taking an umbrella at their father's command. However it was just a dash of rain, which did not wet them much.

"If we had been under the big tree," they said, "not a drop would have touched us."

When the horse was rested they started for home. As they rode along the way grew muddy. It was evident the shower had been heavy. At last they came to the great old tree. What do you think had happened? The lightning had torn the branches, uprooted and ruined the beautiful tree.

"That would have been sure death to any one under its branches," said father. The girls looked at each other, and did not answer.

That evening Emma said, "Father knew best."

"Yes, indeed," said Laura.

What a pity they spoiled their day by fretting and scolding, instead of quietly making the best of circumstances.

In my Bible are written some lines which I like to recall when things seem to be going wrong:

"Trust and rest,

Trust and rest,

God is working for the best."

Trust in God quiets us. A poor woman suf-

fered much because of her sins. When she trusted Jesus and He forgave her, and cleansed her from all sin, she said, "My heart feels as if it were asleep."

Trust in God will keep us quiet. In the public school of a large city, a transom window fell with a crash, and the cry of "fire" was raised, causing a panic.

The scholars ran shrieking into the street. One teacher jumped out of a window.

But one little girl stood perfectly still through it all. The color left her cheek, her lips quivered, and the tears stood in her eyes, but she did not move.

When order was restored, and her companions were back in their places, she was asked, "How came you to be so still?"

She replied, "My father is a fireman; he knows what to do, and he told me if there was a fire in the school, I must just sit still."

The child trusted her father's word and it kept her quiet. If we would say in times of panic, "My Father knows," it would keep us quiet.

If we are quiet, it often helps others. Mari-
anne Farrington has a sweet little poem which shows this:

In the rush and roar of the city,
In the busy morning hours,
A little boy—"a waif and a stray"—
Was trying to sell his flowers.
He dodged where the wheels were thickest,
He darted across the street,
Flying hither and thither,

With a scamper of eager feet;
And ever amid the pauses
He sang a simple strain;
"Peace, be still, peace, be still,"
Was the sweet and low refrain.

Nobody stopped to listen,
But many must have heard;
For the boy sang on in his gladness
As if he loved the word;
And into his office many a man,
Perhaps against his will,
Carried the tune and its lingering thought:
"Peace, peace, be still."
For it forced its way to the busy brain
And into the anxious breast,
And seemed to promise the toilers
A respite of after-rest.

"Fresh flowers! Will you buy a bunch, sir?
Ah, I am glad you will;
Only a penny a bunch, sir—
Peace, peace, be still!"
The city man, in his hurry,
Passed on the crowded way,
And he little guessed what waited him
Of trouble and care that day;
But among his morning letters
Was one that, as he read,
Covered with pallor the ruddy face,
And filled the heart with dread.

"Ruin, absolute ruin!"
"Peace, peace, be still!"
"I never dreamed that this could come!"
"Peace, peace, be still!"
"Is there any help in earth or heaven?"
"Peace, peace, be still!"
At last he heard the gentle voice,
And answered it, "I will!
Peace is courage, and courage strength,
I shall find the light ere long;"
And the man was helped to victory
By the lesson in the song.

It is beautiful to notice in the life of Jesus that He was never worried, or flurried, or hurried. He never spoke impatiently. He was quiet when all else was tumult. They came by night and arrested Him, but He was silent, though a single word would have summoned twelve legions of angels to smite His enemies with death. Mat. 26: 53.

They brought false witnesses against Him, "but He held His peace." Mat. 26: 63. The chief priests accused Him of many things, but He answered nothing. Mk. 15: 3; Mat. 27: 12. "Then Pilate said unto Him, Hearest Thou not how many things they witness against Thee?" And He gave him no answer—not even one word. Mat. 27: 14. Herod questioned Him with many words, but He answered nothing. Lu. 23: 9.

When they asked Jesus of His disciples, or His doctrine, or His office, He answered respectfully and fearlessly, though the answer was His death sentence. Jn. 18: 19, 33. But when they accused Him and taunted Him, and derided Him, and mocked Him, and railed on Him, He held His peace.

OUR PRAYER—

"Quiet me, Lord, and keep me so,
Reposing on Thy breast;
The weary soul that nestles there
Shall want no other rest.
My soul is tired—my heart is faint—
And flutters with alarms;
Quiet me, Jesus, clasp me close
Within Thy loving arms."

Twenty-Seventh Bible B.

B Diligent.

"Be thou diligent." Pr. 27: 23.

"Be diligent....maintain good works." Tit. 3: 12, 14.

"Be diligent that ye may be found of Him in peace." 2 Pe. 3: 14.

"Give diligence to make your calling....sure." 2 Pe. 1: 10.

Mark with a brown B, and draw a brown line under diligent.

Our heavenly Father has not only commanded us to be diligent, but has also given us many promises if we fulfill His Word. Here are some of them:

I. "The hand of the *diligent* shall bear rule." Pr. 12: 24.

The indolent and lazy will never be royal in anything.

Diligence in study obtains knowledge that rules men's thoughts.

Diligence in business obtains wealth that governs commerce.

Diligence in goodness achieves excellence before which even nations will kneel.

William E. Gladstone, the first orator and the greatest statesman in all England, formed the habit of diligence in his boyhood. This is one secret of his power. He is thorough, painstaking, and industrious to the last degree. A friend of

his youth says of him: "We often had archery practice, and the arrows that went wide of the target would get lost in the long grass. Most of us would have liked to collect only the arrows that we could find without trouble, and then begin shooting again; but this was not William's way.

"He would insist that all the arrows should be found before we shot our second volley, and would marshal us in Indian file, and make us tramp about in the grass till every quiver had been refitted. Once we were so long in hunting for a particular arrow that dusk came on, and we had to give up the search.

"Early the next morning I saw William ranging the fields and prodding into every tuft of grass with a stick. He had been busy in this way for two hours, and at length he found the arrow just before breakfast."

It was this persistent diligence which brought him at last to the position of British Premier.

II. Seest thou a man *diligent* in his business? he shall stand before kings." Pr. 22: 29.

Joseph was diligent in Potiphar's house, Gen. 39: 1-4, and in the prison, 39: 21-23. He stood before Pharaoh, Ge. 41: 14, interpreted his dream, Ge. 41:25, and was made ruler over all the land of Egypt, Ge. 41:41.

Moses was diligent in caring for his flocks in the desert, Ex. 3: 1, until God called him to stand before Pharaoh, king of Egypt, Ex. 4: 21, and to lead His people out of bondage.

Daniel, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego were marked examples of diligence, Da. 1:4-15. They stood before Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, Da. 2:49.

Henry M. Stanley was exceedingly diligent in his work of exploring Africa. He was sent for to confer with all the great powers of Europe. The men who sent Stanley out to search for Livingstone are not nearly so well-known to fame, and have not so high a position as has the diligent, persistent, intrepid explorer.

III. "The hand of the *diligent* maketh rich." Pr. 10:4.

Years ago a boy applied to the owner of a flat-boat for a situation. He was employed. Afterward the owner returning from dinner asked his new hand if he was getting hungry.

"I ought to be, for I have eaten nothing for two days."

"Why did you not tell me that when I employed you?"

"I feared you would think I only wanted a meal and would then skip; so I thought I would show you that I was willing to work first."

Ten days afterward the boat owner trusted this boy to carry \$500 to his wife, who lived many miles away on a farm.

Soon after the wife wrote; "The boy arrived and gave me the \$500. I put him to work. He rises early and feeds the stock and cuts the wood. I like him. What shall I do with him?"

The captain answered: "Keep that boy, by all means." To-day that lad is one of the richest owners of steamboat stock on the Mississippi river.

IV. "The thoughts of the *diligent* tend only to plenteousness." Pr. 21:5.

Richard Newton, in his LEAVES FROM THE TREE OF LIFE—a good book for young people—tells of a gentleman who kept a large drug-store in Boston, and advertised for a boy. The next day a number of boys applied for the situation. One of them was a queer-looking little fellow. He came with his aunt, who took care of him. Looking at the boy, the merchant said promptly: "Can't take *him*; he's too small."

"I know he's small," said the aunt, "but he's *willing* and *faithful*. Please try him, sir."

There was something in the boy's look which made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm came forward, and said he "didn't see what they wanted with such a boy....he was'nt bigger than a pint pot." Still the boy was allowed to stay, and put to work.

Not long after a call was made on the clerks for some one to stay through the night. They all held back but little Charley, who instantly offered his services. In the middle of the night the merchant came to the store, to see if all was right; and was surprised to find Charley busy cutting out labels.

B DILIGENT.

"What are you doing?" he asked. "I didn't tell you to work all night."

"I know you didn't, sir; but I thought I had better be doing something than be idle."

In the morning, when the merchant came into his office, he said to the cashier: "Double Charley's wages. His aunt said he was *willing*; and so he is."

A few weeks after this, a menagerie passed through the streets. Naturally enough, all hands in the store rushed out to see it; but Charley stayed in his place. A thief saw his chance and entered by the back-door. But by Charley's remaining in the store the robber was prevented from stealing and was arrested, and things taken from other stores were found upon him, and returned to their owners.

"What made you stay to watch, when all the others quitted their work to look?" asked the merchant.

"You told me never to leave the store, sir, when others were absent; and so I thought I ought to stay."

The order was repeated: "Double that boy's wages. His aunt said he was *faithful*; and so he is."

Before he left the clerkship he was getting a salary of \$2,500 a year; and after that he became a member of the firm. Here is an example of diligence leading to success. And no one will be long out of a place who learns the lesson of diligence, and practices it in this way.

V. "He that *diligently* seeketh good procureth favor." Pr. 11:27.

Phœbe Gray was a sweet child and her father loved to hold her in his arms when she was a little baby. When she was five years of age, he began to go out nights, but still he loved his child intensely.

One night the wind blew and the rain fell heavily. A clock struck nine and her father had not come yet. "Oh, dear!" said little Phœbe, as she started up from the floor where she had been lying. "I wish my father would come home."

Then she sat and listened to the wind and rain. The poor child knew how weak her father was after he had been drinking. As she sat and listened to the storm her imagination increased, until she said: "Oh, mother! he'll get drowned, I must go for him."

"You go for him?" Mrs. Gray might well look astonished.

"Somebody must go for him; he'll get drowned," said Phœbe again, in despair.

"Oh, there is no danger of that; do not be afraid."

But Phœbe's heart could not rest. She looked out of the door and along the pavements as far as the next corner, where a street lamp threw a circle of light. She thought she saw him, and said: "Oh, there he is," and ran down the street toward the lamp, but no one was to be seen. Far down one of the streets a light shone through a

tavern window. "Maybe he is there," she said, and ran toward the light. At last she reached the tavern and pushing open the door went in. A crowd of noisy men were there. The little child, all drenched with rain, went in. "Oh father!" she cried, as a large man came toward her, and, catching her in his arms, ran with her into the street. "You poor baby!" he sobbed.

He carried her home and laid her in her mother's arms, and kissed her passionately. "You poor baby, it is the last time." It was the last time; for Phœbe's diligent love made him resolve never to go to the saloon again.

VI. "The soul of the *diligent* shall be made fat." Pr. 13: 4.

"Nourishing food gives us physical health. Spiritual food gives us soul satisfaction. Jeremiah said: "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart." Jer. 15: 16.

As Mr. Williams was walking along the streets of a certain city, he saw coming toward him on his knees a man whose hands and feet were eaten off by disease. The man was kept from the house of God by his affliction, but his soul was "made fat" by spiritual begging. He shouted: "Welcome, servant of God....to you we are indebted for the Word of Heaven." Mr. Williams asked the cripple what he knew about heaven, and found he gave exceedingly intelligent answers about Jesus Christ, prayer, the future life,

and the work of the Holy Spirit. He said: "Where did you obtain all this knowledge?"

The man, whose name was Buteve answered: "As the people return from the service I sit by the wayside and beg from them, as they pass by, a bit of the Word; one and another give me a piece, and I gather them together in my heart, and thinking over what I thus obtain, and praying God to make me know, I get to understand."

This poor cripple, who had never been in a place of worship, had thus diligently picked up the crumbs which fell from the Lord's table and eagerly devoured them; and though his body suffered, his soul was filled with joy.

OUR PRAYER: Heavenly Father, help us to be diligent, not so much because we want to be great, but because we want to be good. Make us thoughtful, careful, painstaking and thorough. Help us to do with our might what our hands find to do. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

Twenty-Eighth Bible B.

B Followers.

"Be followers of that which is good." 1 Pe. 3: 13.

"Be....followers of God, as dear children." Eph. 5: 1.

"Be....followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." He. 6: 12.

Mark with a red B.

We follow that which is good when we follow God, and we follow God when we follow the example of Jesus. He left us "an example that we should follow in His steps." 1 Pe. 2: 21.

The story is told of a little girl who ran into her home one Sunday afternoon, and said: "O grandma! I know where I want papa to take me on my vacation now, 'cause Miss Wilford says we can't be like Jesus if we don't walk in His steps."

"But what has that to do with my little girl's vacation?"

"Why everything. How can we walk in His steps if we don't go to Jerusalem where He was? Jesus never walked here, did He? But, grandma, won't His footsteps be covered up? How could we find 'em?" she said anxiously.

"We could not, child; they are covered. Your teacher did not mean the foot-prints Jesus made when walking here. Bring the hassock and sit by

grandma. Maybe she can work out this knotty problem."

"But I want to go to Jerusalem, grandma."

"We will see about that later. Where can mamma be going with that basket? Not far, I hope, this warm day. She is not well," grandma said.

"O! to Mervin's, I suppose," said Amy, with a pout. "She's always carrying something over there. Why don't they let Alice come and get the victuals? Mamma wanted me to go, but I didn't want to. Alice always has on an old, faded dress, and she never has a penny to spend. I always have to share my candy with her. I don't like to go where folks don't have carpets on the floor. May says if I go with Alice Mervin, I can't go with her."

"Did Miss Wilford tell you anything about the babe in the manger," grandma asked.

"She did, one time."

"Did she say He was rich?"

"No, poor—oh, so poor."

"And yet you would like to travel away to Jerusalem to walk in His footsteps. I don't understand. You don't like Alice because she is poor. Jesus was poorer than Alice, for He had not where to lay His head. You are on the wrong road, dear. Have you never thought how pleased Alice would be to have some of the nice things my little girl has? She cannot help being poor. But Jesus loves Alice, Amy."

"How can He, grandma?"

"Because He is so good. He knows how hard it is for the poor little girl, and He pities her when Amy Truman slights her."

"Does He know it?"

"Yes, always, and He is grieved."

"Is it because I am not good, grandma, that I don't like Alice?"

"Yes, you do not walk in His steps."

"Well, how can I, grandma? they are so far away."

"Your mamma has found them. She walked from this house to Alice's home in His steps."

"How, grandma?"

"Listen, dear—whenever we say a kind word or do a kind deed, we are right in Christ's footsteps. He went about doing good; so when we are good, we are traveling where He traveled when on earth. Little children are not the only ones who are making mistakes, dear. Grown-up people are traveling way off to Jerusalem—for great things to do, while the very things God wants them to do lie right at their feet. If you want to please Jesus, and be like Him, you must try to do good and be good. Then you will find His footprints."

Though it cost Amy a great deal, she offered the next morning to carry the breakfast mamma had prepared for little Tom Mervin.

Soon Amy and Alice were fast friends. And

Amy was glad grandma had taught her how to follow in the steps of Jesus.

We read in the blessed Book, that Caleb "wholly followed the Lord." Deu. 1: 36. He followed Him "fully." Nu. 14: 24. To follow the Lord cheerfully, without questioning, and constantly, without wavering, is to follow Him "wholly" and "fully," and have His approval.

Two gentlemen were walking together one dark night, when one said: "I shall follow you, so as to be right." He soon fell into a ditch and reproached his friend that he had fallen. "You did not follow me *exactly*, for I have kept free," was the answer. Then the man realized it was a side-step that had caused his fall.

Dean Stanley stood with a poor workingman beside John Wesley's monument in Westminster Abbey. They were talking about the Dean's recent visit to Palestine.

"It must be beautiful to have walked where the Savior walked," the man said. The Dean lifted his saintly face and answered: "Yes, it is beautiful to walk in the steps of the Savior."

We "walk, even as He walked," 1 Jn. 2: 6, when we "follow after love," 1 Co. 14: 1.

When we are in doubt what to do, if we will ask the question, "What would Jesus do?" it will help us to follow Jesus. For He said: "He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." Jno. 8: 12.

In a city alley a crowd of boys and girls were

jeering a feeble old man. They had pinned on his back a paper with the words, "Who'll bid for the old saint?"

A child coming up took the paper from the aged man's back and spoke kindly to him.

A rough lad caught the youthful protector and shouted, "Hullo, sneak, you'll get something for this," and began tormenting him.

A gentleman stopped it and began talking to the lad who had befriended the aged man. "Sir, do you know what made me do it?" the lad asked.

"No, what was it?" "That old man they calls 'Saint Willie' comes to our house to read and talk to mother. He said to me: 'If ever you're a going to do anything, say to yourself, 'What would Jesus do?' and that's what made me do it.'"

Some one gives this bit of experience: "The words, 'WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?' printed in silver letters, on a black card, in the shape of a shield, hung in every room, halls, parlors, dining-room, and kitchen.

'Such a home-like house it was, that watering-place boarding-house, with its large, cool rooms, filled with pleasant guests; and the cheery family who had the faculty of making one feel so much at home that it was more like visiting than boarding. Ah, what a place to rest in!

"But that card; what did it mean?"

"I knew the elder daughter was soon to go as a missionary to the foreign field, and wondered

why she had not selected some Bible text for the home instead of that question.

"One day I came in feeling cast down, almost to despair; I knew not what to do, or say, or think; and I knew of no friend to whom I could look.

"Suddenly my eyes fell on the silver letters, 'What Would Jesus Do?' and their meaning flashed on me; what would He do if He were here and if my trouble were His?

"So I lost no time in asking Him what to do, and He led me, step by step, through my great trouble."

If we follow Christ, others will follow us. He. 6: 12.

Years ago, a party of missionaries started for a cannibal island. As the ship neared the shore they saw the cannibal fires, and the captain refused to land. The missionaries persuaded him to lower a boat and send a sailor to land them. As they drew close to shore they could see the cannibals with sharpened knives, ready to kill and roast and eat them, and the sailor would not row them to the shore, and all but one of them wanted to turn back. This one jumped overboard and swam to the shore.

He could see the cannibals coming toward him with brandished knives, but he did not falter. They rushed toward him, but the instant before they reached him, their chief ordered a halt.

Then the chief asked the missionary why he had braved death. He answered: "I have a

mighty God who upholds me in every time of trouble, and I wanted to come and tell you about Him."

The chief ordered that his life should be spared until he had told his story. The result was an island won for God.

When he left, the natives were weeping on the shore.

One man brought a pair of boots for his acceptance.

"But how did you know the size of my foot?" said he.

The reply was, "I loved you so much, that I took the shape of your foot in the sand as I followed you."

The missionary, much moved, said, "If you love your Savior as you have loved me, and follow his footsteps as you have mine, you will be led from the glory-path to glory itself."

OUR PRAYER—

"O Holy Lord, content to fill
In lowly home the lowliest place;
Thy childhood's law a mother's will,
Obedience meek, Thy brightest grace;
"Help me to follow where You lead,
To walk in Thine own guileless way;
The precious Word of God to heed,
And humbly, like Thyself, obey."

Twenty-Ninth Bible B.

B Perfect.

"Be perfect." 2 Co. 13: 11.

"Be perfect." Jas. 1: 4.

Draw a red line under perfect, and mark with a red B.

We say a picture is perfect when we cannot detect any flaw in it; that a machine is perfect when it does well what it was intended to do; that a landscape is perfect when it delights our eyes; that our work is perfect when it is done as well as we know how to do it.

"You have planed that board well, have you, Frank?" a carpenter asked of a boy who was working for him.

"Oh! it will do," replied the boy. "It don't need to be very well planed for the use to be made of it. Nobody will see it."

"It will not do if it is not planed as neatly and smoothly as possible," the carpenter said. He was a most conscientious man, and had the reputation of being the best carpenter in the city.

"I suppose I could make it smoother," said the boy.

"Then do it. 'Good enough' has but **one** meaning in my shop, and that is 'perfect.' If a thing is not perfect, it is not good enough for me."

We should never rest satisfied to do or to be less than our best.

We are at our best when we are *perfect in love*. 1 Jno. 4: 17, 18.—Not perfect as Adam and Eve were before they sinned; not perfect as the angels who never sinned; not perfect in wisdom, and knowledge, and might, as God is; but perfect in love, as the heavenly Father is; for Jesus was talking about love when he said: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Mat. 5: 48.

This love is God's gift. It is not something to which we attain by struggling; it is something we obtain by faith. This love is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit. Rom. 5: 5.

God is love. We give Him our hearts, and He fills them with Himself. To "be filled with the Spirit," Eph. 5: 18, is to be filled with love. While talking about being perfect in a meeting one day, Dr. Bangs, who was leading, said to a gentleman, who was a father: "If your son was busy among his toys on the floor, and you told him to come to you, and he, in the fullness of his love and wish to please you, should drop his things and in his eager coming stumble over his blocks and fall, would you blame him, or pick him up with sympathetic words of comfort and commendation, and with caution for the future, as well? We do not claim to be perfect in wisdom and power, but that our hearts through

faith in God's promises are so filled with God's love that it is a joy to do His commandments."

In the Woodward Garden, at San Francisco, was a lion so wild and fierce that it was dangerous to go near him, but the superintendent by persistent gentleness and kindness won the love of the noble beast so that he could go into his cage and drop down beside him and the lion would raise his head to give him a soft place on which to lie. One day a drunken sailor, doubling his fist, struck at the superintendent. The lion roared so fearfully and dashed so frantically against his cage that the man ran away frightened. At length, the lion had a tumor. A difficult operation had to be performed but no one dared even approach the lion except the superintendent. The physicians drew a diagram of the operation, showing him where to cut. With apprehension he entered the cage with his implements, for the lion was restless with pain. He followed the medical directions, talking soothingly to the noble beast. The lion let him cut, and bore the knife bravely, and licked his hand gratefully when it was over. But the operation only afforded temporary relief, and the lion suffered so much it was decided he must be killed. The superintendent took his revolver, and after petting the animal, put the muzzle close to his head and fired one shot. The lion made no resistance, but gave his keeper a pathetic look, in which there was no anger—only surprise and reproach. Three times the man was

obliged to fire, but the poor beast only looked at him with a sad, beseeching, perplexed look, and so he died.

As we read how a love which was only human could so tame, and quiet, and absorb a beast of the field that he would give back to his master a perfect affection, let us resolve that the love which is Infinite shall fill our hearts and lives with a loving faith which nothing can shake.

We have perfect love when we love as Jesus did. Jno. 13: 34. Annie Weston Whitney tells of a dear girl who saved her baby-sister in a dreadful fire. The story got into the papers, and Mrs. Carter went to the hospital to see the girl.

"Here she is," said the nurse, stopping beside one of the dainty white beds in the hospital ward, "the brave little woman of whom we are all so proud."

The visitor looked down on a girl whose eyes brightened as the nurse spoke, but whose bandages suggested pain and suffering. Mrs. Carter stooped and kissed her, and then with tears in her eyes said:

"I knew your mother, my dear; and I have traveled fifty miles to see the daughter who saved her little baby-sister from a horrible death by taking the burns and bruises herself."

"Dear mamma!" said the girl softly. "I'm glad you knew her. Thank you so much for coming."

"But the baby?" asked the visitor. "What became of her?"

"Here she is," said the nurse, lifting from a crib a laughing little one, who held out her arms and tried to go to the sick girl; "there was no one to take care of her when the father was at work, and Dorothy begged so hard for her that the doctor thought it best to let her come. She deserves everything she wants, too, for I have never seen any one bear such terrible suffering so patiently and cheerfully as she does. She is a wonder to us all, doctors included."

The nurse laid the baby as she spoke by Dorothy's side; and though she could not move her bandaged arm to touch her, she smiled and talked to her, and when they took her away said, simply:

"While the pain is very, very bad, I just think how much I love her, and how glad I am I did it, and how glad mamma would be that she was not hurt; and I turn and look at her, and forget some of the pain; so I call it love-pain, and then it is easier to bear, don't you see?"

"Love-pain!" said Mrs. Carter, with tears in her eyes. "Yes, my dear, I see how you are helping to show how Christ was glad to suffer for us because He loved us. His suffering, too, was 'love pain.'"

When Dorothy was better, and Mrs. Carter took her and her baby to her own home, there was sadness among the patients left behind, for

they had learned to love the girl who bore her sufferings so cheerfully for love's sake.

There is one thing we want to remember. We are never perfect in ourselves. We are "perfect in Christ Jesus." Col. 1: 28. Jesus said, "Without me ye can do nothing." Jno. 15: 5.

God makes us perfect in every good work to do His will, working in us that which is well-pleasing in His sight. Heb. 13: 20, 21. We just let Him have our hearts and our hands, and work in them and with them, and so we can "stand perfect and complete in all the will of God." Col. 4: 12.

Our love may be perfect, yet it can increase. A drop of water is as perfect as an ocean of water.

A lady said to her pastor: "I do love God very much, but want to love Him more. How can I?"

"You must become better acquainted with Him," was the reply. "We love those who are worthy of our love in proportion as we become acquainted with them."

"How can I get better acquainted?" she asked.

"Try to please God in everything you do and say. We always love those whom we try to please. Love makes us wish to please the Lord, and love rewards us when we have done it.

"And pray more. Tell Him all your joys and troubles and needs. He will answer you, and every answer will draw you closer to Him.

"And study the Bible more. God speaks to you, reveals Himself to you in the Bible. Read in the New Testament the life of Jesus, and imagine you had been with him, as John, and Peter, and Mary were,"

The woman followed these simple rules, and her love to God grew day by day.

We read that "all Scripture is given . . . that the man of God may be perfect." 2 Ti. 3: 16, 17.

Reading the Bible as God's love-letter to me, has helped me.

When He says, "Beloved," I read it as if He wrote it to me. 1 Pe. 4: 12; 3 Jno. 2.

When he says, "Walk in love," Eph. 5: 2 I look up and say, "I will, Lord; just show me how."

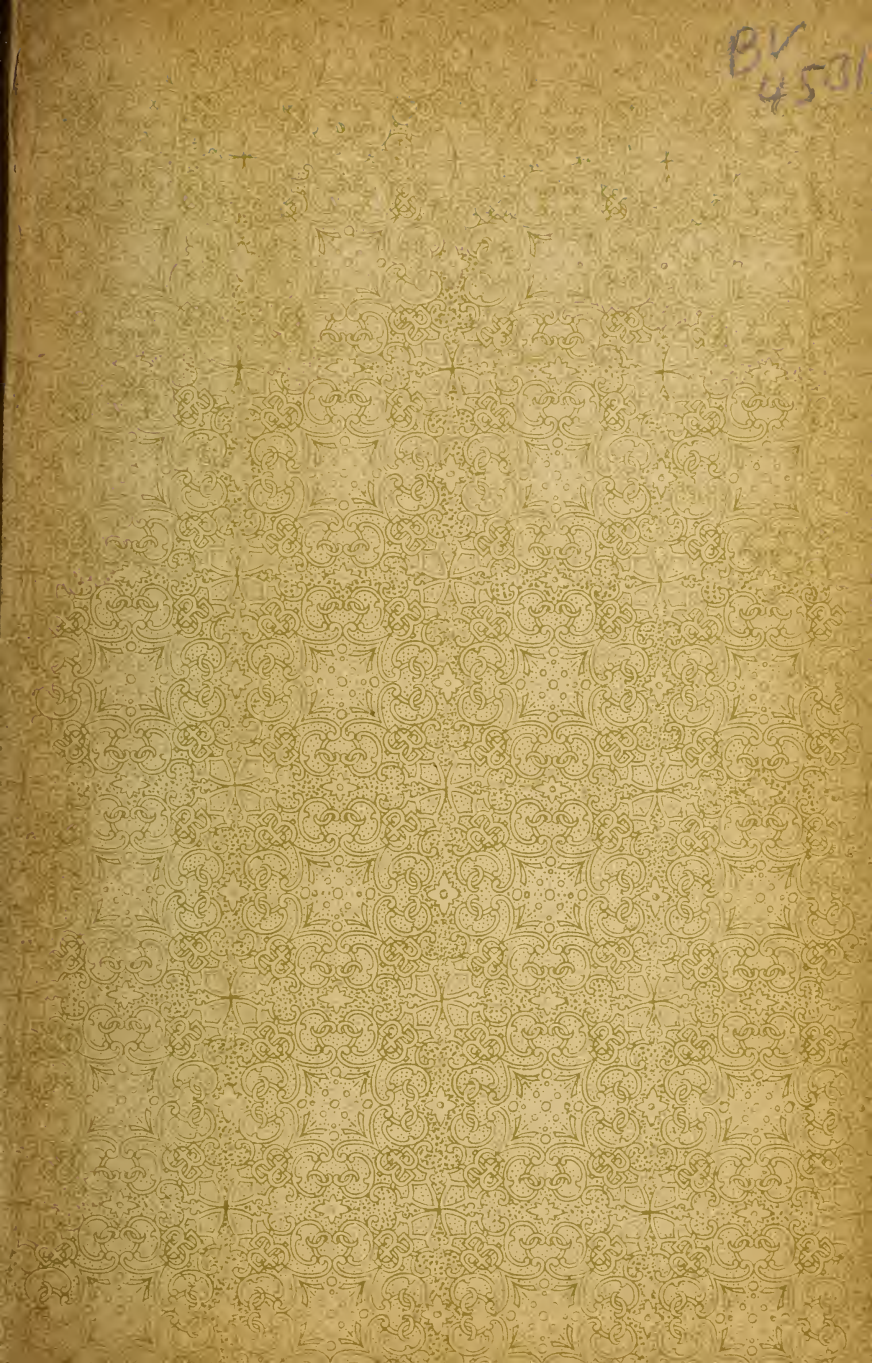
When I read, "who loved me and gave Himself for me," Ga. 2: 20, I just know He died for me and then I love Him so for it that I want to do something for somebody.

When I read, "Thou shalt lie down and thy sleep shall be sweet," Pr. 3: 24, I say, "Thank You, Lord," and know I shall not lie awake and think over the trials that once would have worried me.

OUR PRAYER: Blessed Lord, show us what You mean when You say, "Be perfect." Come into our hearts and fill us with Thy perfect love. We believe You do. We trust Thee to make us perfect in love, and perfect in every good work to do Thy will.



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